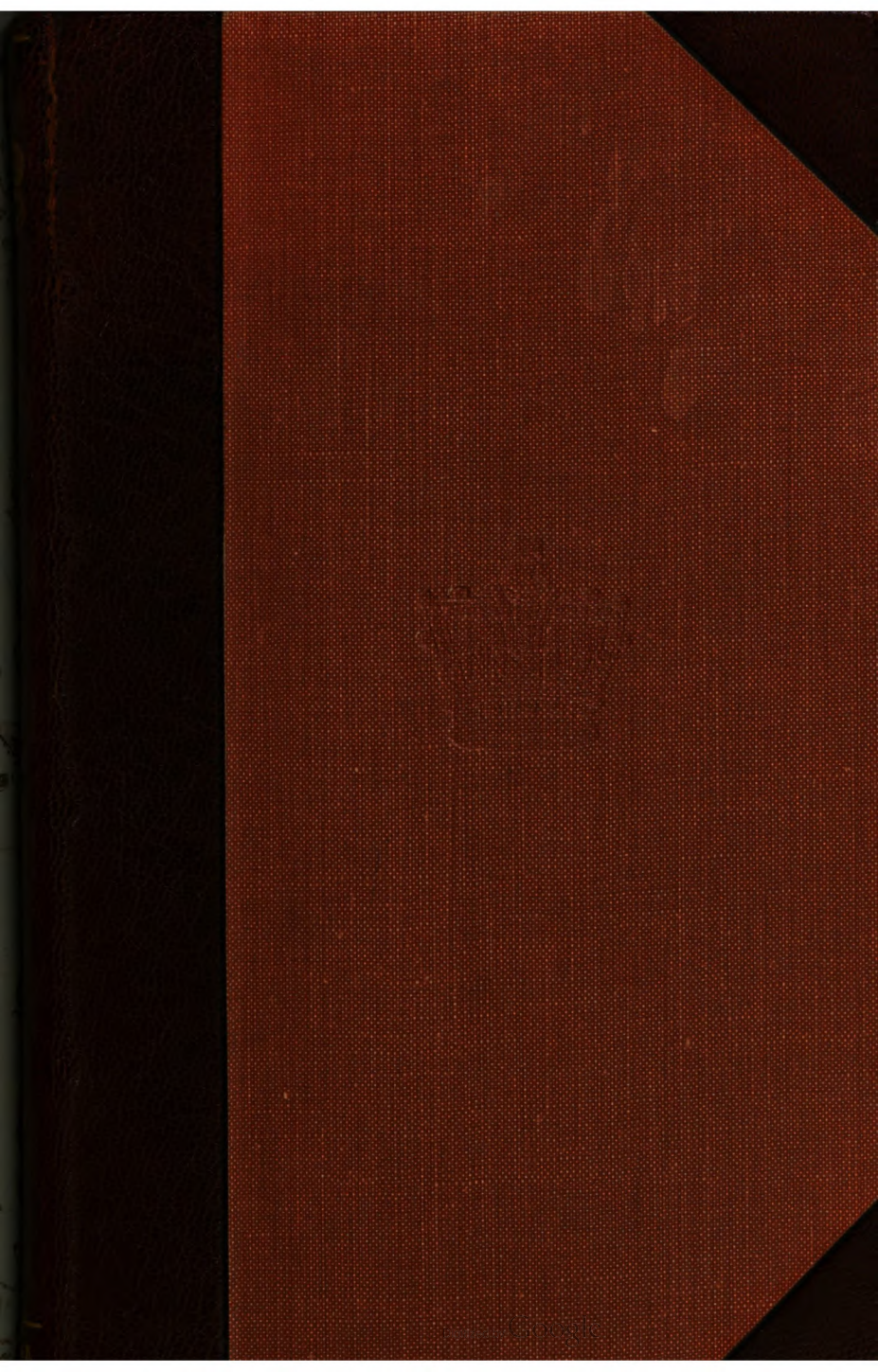

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SONGS OF THE PRESS.

J. C. H. Pointer,
X

992 f. 23

J. (C. H.)

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

SONGS OF THE PRESS

AND

OTHER POEMS,

RELATIVE TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

Original and Selected.

ALSO,

**EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, ANECDOTES, NOTICE OF
EARLY PRINTING AND PRINTERS.**



"Thus have I sought with garland flowers to dress
The giant frame of our immortal Press."—*M'Creery*.

LONDON :

**SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL STATIONERS' HALL COURT;
AND T. KIRK, NOTTINGHAM.**

1833.

T. Kirk, Printer, Peter Gate, Nottingham.

P R E F A C E.

IN selecting for publication the following Songs, Poems, &c. connected with the Art of Typography, I trust no apology is necessary to those who feel

“ The proud distinction of the Printer’s name.”

As the work is intended for circulation chiefly amongst the profession, and as many journeymen Printers, from the nature of their business, may be critics of no ordinary acumen, it is hoped, they cannot but judge favourably of those pieces that have been written by brother Typos on different occasions of hilarity. As such they are now presented, with a desire that they may afford pleasure to those who feel an interest in the labours of the Press ; or that they may add to the festivity of an annual or other friendly meeting.

The limits of this work did not admit of my inserting *all* the interesting pieces which have, from time to time, been written on the Art of

Printing, I have, therefore, introduced as many as possible of the compositions of those who are, or have been connected with the profession. I trust, such as are here presented, will show

“ That Printers condescend the Press to soil
With rhyme.”

To those friends who have assisted me in the progress of the work, I return my sincere acknowledgments. Such subjects have been chosen to embellish the work as I thought deserving of notice ; nor can I omit the meed of praise due to E. Wild, of this town, a printer, and a self-taught artist in wood engraving, for the manner in which they are executed.

It has been my endeavour to combine the agreeable with the useful; and should this, a first attempt, meet the approbation of the “Gentlemen of the Press,” to whom it is most respectfully inscribed, the aim of the Compiler will be attained, his warmest wishes realized, and a debt of heartfelt gratitude be owing to them from

C. H. T.

A BROTHER TYPO.

Nottingham, August 22, 1833.

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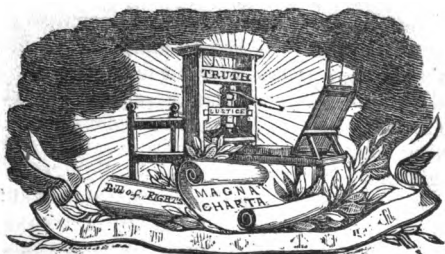
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The medallion on the title-page contains the portraits of the individuals generally acknowledged in Germany as the first printers : the subject from which this was copied is supposed to have been engraved by the famous Gubitz of Berlin, from an old German painting.



SONGS OF THE PRESS

AND OTHER POEMS.

EXTRACTS FROM

"THE PRESS," A POEM.

Part First.

SIRE of our Art,* whose genius first designed
 This great memorial of a daring mind,
 And taught the lever with unceasing play
 To stop the waste of Time's destructive sway,
 The Verse—O great progenitor! be thine,
 Late, but sincere, where all thy worth shall shine;
 What Printer, ever since thy distant days,
 Hath touch'd the strings responsive to thy praise?
 With trembling hand the boon let me bestow,—
 Hear, then, ye nations! what to him ye owe.

Say, what was man ere by the *Press* refined?
 What bonds his glorious energies confined?

* Address to the Shade of Guttenberg.

Did Genius, thro' the dull chaotic waste,
Court the fair forms of beauty and of taste,
Tho' strong his ardour, and tho pure his love,
Small was the sphere wherein those powers could move.
The meteor-beam that science lent mankind,
Darting effulgence on th' enquiring mind,
Oft gleam'd—a weak and transitory light,
A moment glared—then sunk in endless night :
Man knew no means to hold the flitting race
Of Art's coy forms, that courted his embrace ;
His only hope in Memory's stinted power,
The oral record—changing every hour.

In early times, our *Press* as yet unknown,
The artist carved his hieroglyphic stone ;
The lasting pile Ambition sought to raise
To gratify his ardent thirst of praise ;
Whilst round him mould'ring ruins mock'd his care,
And show'd th' oblivious fate his toil must share ;
And Genius pensive sat—in thought profound,
Mourning the spoils of ages scattered round ;
Benighted Reason slumber'd in the breast,
Lull'd by the gloom of Ignorance to rest ;
The trackless age with rapid pinion flew,
And dropp'd the veil that closed the distant view.

Immortal spirits ! ye who first could feel
For Learning's pure delights a holy zeal ;
Who first the ever-wasting lamp renew'd,
Wrapt in the joys of thoughtful solitude ;
And raised the temple on eternal base,
To Knowledge sacred and the human race ;
Thro' drear Oblivion's boundless vortex tost,
Sages ! we mourn your great productions lost ;
Yet be your worth in every distant clime
Acknowledged thro' the thickening mists of time.

Fathers of Science ! who with careful hand
Planted the germ in every distant land,
And 'mid the barbarous waste of elder times
Foster'd the tender shoots in cheerless climes,

Your ceaseless labours man shall still regard,
Tho' scant the harvest which those toils reward ;
Unknown the matchless powers which we possess,
Unknown the **PRINTER**, and unknown his *Press*.

O **MENTZ** ! proud city, long thy fame enjoy,
For with the *Press* thy glory ne'er shall die,
Still may thy guardian battlements withstand
The ruthless shock of War's destructive hand ;
Where **GUTTEMBERG** with toil incessant wrought
The imitative lines of written thought ;
And as his art a nobler effort made,
The sweeping lever his commands obey'd ;
Elastic balls the sable stains supply,
Light o'er the form the sheeted tympan fly ;
The beauteous work returning leaves unfold,
As with alternate force the axle roll'd.

His bosom now unbounded joys expand,
A printed volume owns his forming hand !
The curious work from sculptur'd blocks imprest,
The rising glories of his art confest !

To give to distant times a name more dear,
To spread the blessing thro' a wider sphere,
SCHOEFFER and **FAUST** with kindling ardour fir'd,
Lent the strong aid that thirst of fame inspir'd ;
The stubborn block, with rude unchanging form,
One end could answer, but one task perform,
Till **FAUST**, with all his powers of genius ripe,
Struck the fine die, and cast the moving type,
That ever, as the curious artist will'd,
In some new station some new office fill'd.

With ancient **MENTZ**, our central point of art,
In the proud race the neighbouring cities start,
Spreading, as light diverges from its source,
The great invention through a distant course ;
Thronging around, the candidates for fame
To breathe new life in countless numbers came,

Press for the meed which we alone bestow,
The source from which immortal honours flow.

O Albion ! still thy gratitude confess
To CAXTON, founder of the *British Press* ;
Since first thy mountains rose, or rivers flow'd,
Who on thine isles so rich a boon bestow'd ?
Yet stands the chapel in yon gothic shrine,
Where wrought the father of our English line ;
Our art was hail'd from kingdoms far abroad,
And cherish'd in the hallow'd house of GOD ;
From which we learn the homage it received
And how our sires its heavenly birth believ'd ;
Each Printer hence, howe'er unblest his walls,
E'en to this day his house a *Chapel** calls.

Time, of the flying years in rapid chase,
Saw our laborious brotherhood increase ;
And as his pinion wav'd upon the blast,
Still met again the soul of ages past.
As farther spread our telegraph of mind,
In closer union distant nations join'd ;
Thus flourish'd taste, as emulation reign'd,
Thus worth and talents their high station gain'd.

O yield, ye living, to the great who rest,
Sharing celestial joys among the blest ;
Columbia rising into wealth and power,
Unites her fame with FRANKLIN's natal hour.
FRANKLIN, who struck with awe his country's foes,
And great before a venal senate rose.—
Artists who in your humbler stations stand,
Earning your bread by labour's active hand,
He left the lesson to your useful class,—
Unheeded shall the great example pass ?
Like yours his sinewy arm the lever sway'd,
And Independence her blest tribute paid.

* The title of *Chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing office, originated in Caxton's exercising the profession in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey, and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer.—*M^r Creery*.

O BASKERVILLE ! the anxious wish was thine
Utility with beauty to combine ;
To bid th' o'erweening thirst of gain subside ;
Improvement all thy care, and all thy pride :
When Birmingham, for riots and for crimes
Shall meet the keen reproach of future times,
Then shall she find, amongst our honour'd race,
One name to save her from entire disgrace.

Aided by thee,—O Art sublime ! our race
Spurns the opposing bounds of time and space,
With fame's swift flight to hold an equal course
And taste the stream from Reason's purest source ;
Vice and her hydra sons, thy powers can bind,
And cast in Virtue's mould the plastic mind.

Part Second.

IN times ere yet the *Press* had blest mankind,
Perished unknown the noble works of mind ;
O'er trackless wastes, where science lent no ray,
And cheerless climes, was genius doomed to stray ;
His usefulness as bounded as his fame,
His body death—oblivion seized his name ;
The eternal essence to its source returned,
Unfelt its blessings, and its loss unmourn'd.
How changed the auspices of those who wait
In these our days at Fame's celestial gate !
T'is merit leads them through the sacred bound,
Where flowers Elysian deck the holy ground.

To us the keys of knowledge are consign'd,
As honest guardians of the public mind.
The form indelible our art bestows
Will last unchanged till Time itself shall close ;
Admiring Genius contemplates with joy,
The wond'rous engines of their great employ ;

And as the augmenting stores of knowledge rise,
Hails the kind labour that his wants supplies.

Ye to whom fate intrusts this great machine,
On which the world's best hopes must ever lean,
With man himself ye have a great account ;—
Taint not the life-stream at its sacred fount ;
O "ponder well" what thousands every day
Ye guide by truth, or basely lead astray ;
Give not your names to infamous renown,
As our worst enemies O go not down !
Let no mean dread of indigence defeat
What Reason dictates from her judgment seat ;—
Be honest ! leave the rest to time and fate,
Your great reward will come—or soon—or late.

Brothers, and fellow-labourers in our art,
Who urge incessant toil with patient heart,
Whether at *Case* the lighter task ye prove,
Or with stretched nerves the powerful lever move,
May honest pride your manly bosom swell ;
O chief, with you let moral goodness dwell !
No degradation waits on humble means,
Nor powerful vice its elevation screens.
Yours is the glory—yours the victor's meed,
Whom from the right temptation cannot lead ;
Behold what millions by your toil rejoice :
Let Friendship speak, O list that warning voice !
Whilst your industrious hands heap up the stores
To cheer the heart of man on distant shores ;
Amidst the wonders that yourselves have wrought,
Amongst mankind be not alone untaught ;
Let temperance lead you through her golden gate ;
With moral worth ye may be truly great.

Nor shall the man who bears the hardest lot,
Pass in my strains, unnoticed and forgot ;
Straining at once his eye-balls and his wits,
With care o'erwhelm'd the lynx-eyed Reader sits ;
His practised glance the lurking fault detects,
For ever reads—corrects—and re-corrects ;

Whate'er is wrong his patient hand repairs,
His thoughtful brow is witness to his cares ;
From morn to night his labours grow not slack,
He bears a load—like Atlas—on his back.
The well-trained *Urchin* at his side attends,
And needful aid with infant frolic blends ;
Before him oft the zig-zag puzzles lie,
Like blurrings from the hand of agony ;
O'er these, with keen decyphering powers he flies,
His ready tongue in union with his eyes ;
'Tis wond'rous through the chaos how he speeds,
And in the painful task so well succeeds ;
Translating what the incongruous marks denote,
The sybil signs some careless author wrote.

May those who flourish whilst our works they vend,
To us their generous sympathies extend !
Their fortunes come not by an humble gain,
Their wares are beauteous fabrics of the brain,
Finer than finest tissue e'er was wrought,
And woven of the gossamer of thought.
Would they could know how hard it is to trace
The coy idea to its lurking place ;
To seize the evanescent forms that play
Along imagination's trackless way ;
To clothe a phantom in the robes of light,
And steep the soul in visions of delight !

O guard the *Press*, ye nations ! let it share
Your sleepless watchings, your unceasing care ;
No more be victims of dull confidence,
But with keen eye, and with a quicken'd sense
Distrust weak man when he to power aspires ;
Curb in his might whom mad ambition fires.
The first devouring fear that rends his breast,
That haunts by day, and nightly breaks his rest,
Springs from our Art ; he loathes the glorious light
It spreads around, so piercing and so bright,
Where royal treason lurks—'tis this he fears
More than the steel an injured nation bears.—

The *Press* alone the tyrant's wrath can brave ;
 What other arm the people's rights can save ?
 This is the nation's glory, their true wealth ;
 Its influence spreads an atmosphere of health.
 No marshall'd bands, with dungeon, and with chain
 And all the ills that follow in their train,
 Against the *Press* can hold successful war.—
 The hero raging o'er the fields afar,
 As well might aim to pluck from yon high sphere
 The red-eyed Mars, to grace his triumphs here,
 As ever hope to glory in the hour
 When he shall circumscribe its mighty power.

John M'Creery.

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL,*

Who brought me a proof to be corrected, and who fell asleep
 while it was undergoing correction :—being

An Ode founded on fact !

‘ Fallen Cherub !’—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

OH ! bright and blessed hour ;—
 The Devil's asleep !—I see his little lashes
 Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek :
 Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
 And tranced is Evil's power !
 The world seems hush'd and dreaming out a-doors ;
 Spirits but speak ;
 And the heart echoes,—while the Devil snores ;

* The **PRINTER'S DEVIL** is a character almost identified with the origin of the art, and we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having a guardian exclusively assigned to us, from whom, notwithstanding his general bad conduct to other people, we have so little to apprehend, and who is commonly our faithful assistant, both in our labours and in our pleasures.—*M'Creery.*

Sleep, baby of the damn'd!
 Sleep, where no press of trouble standeth by!
 Black wanderer amid the wandering,
 How quiet is thine eye!
 Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams,—
 With shades of printers cramm'd,
 And pica, double pica, on the wing!
 Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
 The world about,—
 Dying,—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
 Dele,—the *evil* out!

Before sweet sleep drew down
 The blinds upon thy *Day and Martin* eyes,—
 Thou didst let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
 With weary, weary sighs:
 And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town!
 Oblivion won thee!
 Best of compositors!—Thou didst compose
 Thy decent little wicked self,—and go
 A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
 I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
 In the waves of woe:
 Dropping thy lids of lead,
 To sound the dead!

Heaven forgive me!—I
 Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one;
 And in my scheming, sigh,
 And stagger under a gigantic thought:
 “What if I run my pen into thine eye,
 And put thee out!
 Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
 A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
 To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
 To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
 And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
 To change the fate of Lawyers—
 Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—

Make worthless Sin's approaches—
 To justify the bringing up addresses
 To me, in hackney coaches,
 From operative Sawyers!"

"To murder thee"—
 Methinks—"will never harm my precious head—
 For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead!
 But when I look on thy serene repose,
 Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,—
 My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep:
 I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!
 Sleep free from dreams,—
 Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing ball—
 Sleep free from all
 That would make shadowy devilish slumber darker,
 Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker!

Oh! fare thee well!
 Farewell—black bit of breathing sin!—Farewell
 Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's hell!
 Young thing of darkness, seeming
 A small poor *type* of wickedness, *set up!*
 Full is thy little cup
 Of misery in the waking world!—So dreaming
 Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate
 And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state!
 Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high:—
 Thou art *upright* in sleep;—men sleep,—and *lie!*
 And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
 For *I correct my errors,—while the Devil sleeps!*

London, June, 1823.

Ned Ward, Jun.

A PRINTER'S KISS.

PRINT on my lip another kiss,
 The picture of thy glowing passion;
 Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
 But now—Ay, that's a *proof impression!*

SONG.

Written for the Liverpool Typographical Society.

“YE famed *men of letters*, companions so jolly,
 Take *copy* from me, and *chase* out melancholy;
 To the *point* I'll soon come, Sirs, nor *run it on* long
 Ere a *period* I put to the *lines* of my song.
 Huzza! for the Printer, may care never *press* him;
 But friendship and love ever bless him, huzza;

On Mersey's wide *margin* I went on the *tramp*,
 My *stick* in my hand, short of *quoins*, spirits damp;
 When a fair slender female, of *paragon* face,
 Began soon to *set* me in much *lower case*.
 Huzza! &c.

Her *figure* was *capital*—'twas *nonpareil*,
 Her look—Oh! what *cut* could ex-*press* such a smile?
 Sprung she seem'd from no *minion*, but some *English Earl*,
 For her rings were all *set* with bright *diamond* and *pearl*.
 Huzza! &c.

In my heart Cupid's *shooting-stick* made devastation,
 And she soon gain'd a *point* of my great *admiration*!
 I stood like a *column*, her *galley-slave* I,
 On the *rack* lest she'd *batter* my heart with the QUI.
 Huzza! &c.

Though reduced to a *cypher*, I soon *number'd* hopes up,
 And *sorted* in *English* my *figures* and tropes up;
Type, *letter*, nor *manuscript*, e'er could record
 Each impressive *paragraph*, *sentence*, and *word*.
 Huzza! &c.

A kiss I *imprinted*—an *impression* made;
 No *bar* to my wishes, I *hotpressed* the maid;

My *registered* vows, as her *page*, rose above,
And *em-braces* soon *proved* the *full token* of love.

Huzza ! &c.

The *matter revised*, to the *chapel* we ran,
Where the *father*, with *book-work*, soon bound us in one ;
Made up by the *job*, I was *lock'd up* in joy ;
No sorrow could *get in*, my mind to annoy.

Huzza ! &c.

'Tis true, she would fret me with *cross-rule* and clatter,
And then, to *make even*, I went *on the batter* ;
But my *errors corrected*, by her admonition—
Of myself she soon gave me *a second edition*.

Huzza ! &c.

It may be out of *form*, yet a *verse* I'll insert—
May yet still, *lads of metal*, your *metal* exert ;
Composed may the *fount* of your glee ever flow ;
May health *brace* your nerves, and *distribute* all woe.

Huzza ! &c.

If foes to the *press*, *monks*, or *friars*, be dreaded,
Oh ! then be your *cannon* well *pointed* and *leaded* :
The foes to the *press*, kings or despots anointed,—
May you *beat* them to death with your *cannon* well *pointed*

Huzza ! for the *lever*, slave-fetters to sever ;

The *press*, freedom's bulwark, for ever, huzza !

My song *unrevised*, Sirs, here gives me much trouble,
I find in last *verse* I have made a sad *double* ;
But you *pressed* me to sing, and though *out*, I've no doubt
You'll kindly o'erlook every "*double*" and "*out*."

Huzza ! &c.

When your *frames* become *battered* with age, and look
lank,

May you still have *laid up* a large *heap* at the *bank* ;
And when to the *light-house* at evening you start, O !
In landlord's good *books*—may you *LIGHT* on a *quarto* !

Huzza ! &c.

Though oft you *impose*, in this world without feeling,
And with *hell* and the *devil* have daily some dealing;
'Neath the *stone*, when in *coffin* you'r *laid*, may a *column*
Your fame and worth *publish* as long as a volume.

Huzza! &c.

And now, since we're met here to feast and to drink,
To a sentiment, sure, I've a *title*, I think,—
Till here for our pudding again we shall hie,
May you live on the *fat* of the land without *pie*.

Huzza! &c.

J. W. Walker.

July, 1823.

LINES ON PRINTING.

HAIL, mystic art! which men like angels taught,
To speak to eyes, and paint embodied thought!
The deaf and dumb, blest skill, relieved by thee,
We make one sense perform the task of three.
We see—we hear—we touch the head and heart,
And take or give what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
And, without sound, apart, commune in sense;
View, though confin'd,—nay, rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide expanded all.
Dead letters thus with living notions fraught,
Prove to the soul the telescope of thought;
To mortal life immortal honour give,
And bid all deeds and titles last and live.
In scanty life, Eternity we taste,
View the first ages, and inform the last;
Arts, History, Laws, we purchase with a look,
And keep like Fate, all nature in a Book.

Mrs. Grierson.

THE ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN on the Greeks and Romans' learned page,
 The barb'rous Goths (the scandal of that age)
 Plac'd their destroying hands, fair Science mourn'd,
 And Learning was to deepest ign'rance turn'd.
 Long in the darksome womb of hiding Time,
 The Arts lay hid, banish'd from ev'ry clime;
 But when the Medician heroes liv'd,
 The blooming Science once again reviv'd.

AIR.

Tune—"Shepherd when you saw me fly."
 See the Arts erect their heads!
 See the Muses tune their song!
 Learning o'er each clime now spreads
 Where the Goths had triumph'd long;
 Every scribe resumes his pen,
 Brutes are polish'd into men.

RECITATIVE.

But sage Minerva thought the pen too slow,
 To make each useful Art and Science flow
 Through ev'ry state, with necessary haste,
 To recompense the days of darkness past,
 Then she to *Faust* and *Schæffer* did impart,
 That friend to Learning's cause, the Typographic Art.

AIR.

Tune—"I'll range round the shady bowers."
 Hail noble Art, by which the world,
 Though long in barbarism hurl'd,
 Sees blooming Learning swift arise,
 And Science wafted to the skies.

Aided by thee, the printed page
 Conveys instruction to each age;
 When in one hour more sheets appear,
 Than Scribes could copy in a year.

AIR.

Tune—"Roast beef of Old England."

THEN all who profess here that heaven-taught Art,
 And all who have Learning and Science at heart,
 Come join in my ditty, and each bear a part,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though ev'ry *Composer* a *Galley* must have,
 Yet think not by that a *Composer's* a slave,
 For freedom he labours, and freedom will have,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though he daily *Imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
 And, like Nimrod, he follows a *Chase* all day long,
 And he loves a good *Slice*, or he's much in the wrong,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though *Correction* he needs, all mankind does the same,
 If he *Quadrats* his matter, he is not to blame,
 For to *Justification* he lays a strong claim,
 Then sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

To complete this great Art, the *Pressmen* all come,
 And each handles his *Balls*, his *Frisket*, and *Drum*,
 And to make good impression the *Plattin* pulls home,
 While he sings to the praise of good Printing,
 And sings in that noble Art's praise.

But, as the old proverb relates very clear,
 We're the furthest from good when the church we are
 So in each Printer's *Chapel* do *Devils* appear, [near,
 Who roar in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

Then let us regard, as the aider of Art,
 Each one who in Printing doth bear the least part,
 And whoe'er would oppress it must have a vile heart,
 Then sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

Dodd.

SONNET,

On the Liberty of the Press.

SOME laws there are too sacred for the hand
 Of man to approach ; recorded in the blood
 Of patriots ; before which, as the rood
 Of faith, devotional we take our stand ;
 Time-hallow'd laws ! magnificently plann'd
 When freedom was the nurse of public good,
 And power paternal ! laws that have withstood
 All storms, like faithful bulwarks of the land :
 Unshackled will, frank utterance of the mind,
 Without which freedom dies and laws are vain,
 On such we found our rights, to such we cling :
 In these should power his surest safeguard find.
 Tread them not down in passion or disdain—
 Make man a reptile he will turn and sting !

Dublin.

A. de V.

A PRINTER'S WIDOW.

THIS daily publishing the weeds of woe,
 Announces to my eye, as pica plain,
 A dear, romantic, duodecimo,
 Unbound and going into sheets again !

THE PRESSMAN'S SONG.

AIR.—“ *The Woodman.*”

CLOSE immur'd by narrow walls,
Hark ! I hear the *Pressman's balls*,
Who dreams not as the *tympan* falls,
What mischief he may bring :
Though modern statesmen may abuse
Plain honest facts, for vile untruths,
Of this I'm sure he'll never muse,
But *pull*, and *beat*, and sing.

The *sheet* now *pull'd* by this bold man,
Perhaps may vie with brilliant Fan,
Or papers waste with greasy Nan,
To wrap her custards nice :
Or puffs for dancing-master's jigs,
New fashion'd braid full bottom'd wigs,
In which the Mayor might strut so big,
Quite knowing in a trice.

Thou mak'st bold *Pressman*, Oh ! what grief,
The statute dire, which hangs the thief,
And orders from the great Lord-Chief,
Or bills for Cobblers' stall :
Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
From simp'ring youth to mumbling age ;
For Belles their novels ; Beaus their plays ;
And bibles for us all.

Then justice let us ever grant,
Nor warm encomiums ever want,
Who silenc'd superstition's rant,
And spread our glorious light :
Who shook fell tyrant's bloody sway,
Illumin'd all with reason's ray,
Shew'd Englishmen as clear as day,
Their sacred, precious right.

THE PRESS.

*Written for the Printers of Sheffield on the passing of
the Reform Bills, August, 1832.*

GOD said, " Let there be light !"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away ;
 Then, startled seas, and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried, " 'Tis day ! 'tis day !"
 " Hail holy light !" exclaim'd
 The thund'rous cloud, that flam'd
 O'er daisies white ;
 And, lo ! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
 And, blushing, murmur'd, " Light !"
 Then was the skylark born ;
 Then rose th' embattled corn ;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon ;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
 Lo ! heav'n's bright bow is glad ;
 Lo ! trees and flowers, all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God,
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the MIND of man !
 By the swart artisan !
 By God, our Sire !
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heav'n,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone,

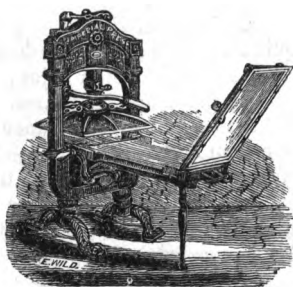
Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
 The night of minds is gone !
 " The *Press!*" all lands shall sing ;
 The *Press*, the *Press* we bring,
 All lands to bless :
 Oh, pallid want ! oh, labour stark !
 Behold, we bring the second ark !
 The *Press!* the *Press!* the *Press!*

Author of Corn Law Rhymes.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

BLEST Invention, to God alone the praise !
 For gifting man this noble Art to raise ;
 From thee what benefits do men possess ?
 The Pulpit, Bar, and Stage all now confess :
 Trace the Historic page and view the time,
 Before thou visited our native clime ;
 The want of thee kept Arts and Commerce low,
 Without thy aid, how little could we know !
 Thou art the means by which we gain redress,
 Our Nation's bulwark is, *The British Press!*

From Johnson's Typographia.



THE IMPERIAL PRESS.

AN ODE,

Written for the Derby celebration of the Reform Bills.

BRING forth the *Press* !
 When first that mighty shout was heard,
 Truth rose, in radiant light ensphered,
 The Nations to address.
 Then Tyrants startled, with dismay,
 Call'd forth their armies in array,—
 And Priestcraft, gaoler of the mind,
 In louder tones blasphemed mankind :
 But Truth, indignant, cried,
 While suffering man replied,
 Bring forth the *Press* !

Forth came the *Press* !
 Forth then that mighty engine came,
 The power of knowledge to proclaim,
 And man with power to bless ;
 And where its leaves of thought were spread,
 There Superstition, trembling, fled ;
 And Tyrants, in their pride confest
 Dread of the people they oppress'd—
 And courtiers, priests and peers,
 Shrieked out amid their fears,
 Destroy the *Press* !

Th' eternal *Press* !
 Corruption's worms shall ne'er destroy,
 But patriots shall its power enjoy,
 In peace and happiness.
 And, see the eternal *Press* advance,
 With freedom over eager France—
 With freedom o'er each German tribe—
 REFORM on Britain's flag inscribe—
 Brougham, Russell, Althorp, Grey,
 Are names bright in the ray
 Of the eternal *Press*.

Thomas Noble.

SONG,

Written for the Bristol Typographical Society.

To *set up* a song for your pleasure I'll try,
And my thoughts I'll *distribute* though running to *pie* ;
You shall have the best *copy* my *scrip* can afford,
And knowing my *case* must not *stick* for a *word*.

Of Printing and Printers we've long had *fair proof*,
Whose *correction* makes ignorant pride stand aloof ;
On the *rack* we will *batter* each slavish opinion,
And *chase* the base *columns* of Folly's dull *minion*.

At war, and its myrmidons, *cannon* still *point* ;
May *piece-work* still furnish its pot and good joint ;
May the wielders of pikes find in *pica* a trimmer,
And long shots exploded by fire of *long primer*.

Of Press and Press-warrants, our nation's disgrace,
Our *press* has long striven the shame to erase :
May the freedom from Press be our Tars' fond delight,
And the freedom to *press* be the Printers' proud right.

To *press* !—what *parenthesis* gape in the word !
How inclusive the phrase ! with what comfort 'tis stored ;
To press, *hot* or *cold*,—in fair *sheets*, *wet* or *dry*,
May our fortune be ever, nor *sheets* ever *fly*.

May our *chapel*, of wisdom and sense the bright fane,
Devoted to *English* and freedom remain,
While *monks* and grey *friars*, ever fruitful in evil,
Shall there meet their match in their old friend our *devil*.

At the *bank* may we *lay-up* a *heap*, and may that
Exhibit good *matter* and plenty of *fat* ;
And where's the *companion* can e'er prove a churl,
Whose hands daily glisten with *diamond* and *pearl* ?

Our ART in its progress a *TYPE* has displayed
Of itself, while it Folly and Vice has dismayed—
For in *blocks* though begun, it has ended in *letters*,
And *blocks* have for once give place to their betters.

The marshal's gay staff to a *stick* must give way,
And our *tympan's* the only drum Wisdom will play;
Dismay'd at our *balls* shall the bigot retreat,
And iniquity's self shall still blacker be *beat*.

Then may *quoins* ne'er be wanting,—good *copy* ne'er fail,
May *capitals* ever your destiny hail;
With *errors corrected* your lives still be past,
And, *revised* and amended, be *worked off* at last.

C. Cummins.

THE STRAND—IN TRANSITU.

THE *Strand*, deserted by its better half,
As if the Plague had crept along its side,
In spite of graver thoughts, compels the laugh,
Placards so oddly take the lettered stride:

For 'Birmingham,' in type of glaring red;
'Rowland's Macassar' with a scalp of hair;
'Air Pillows' for the weary, giddy, head,
And heads of 'Saracens' for every fare.

The 'Tallo Ho!' will start at half past one,
The 'Intelligence' will travel void of fees;
'St. Dunstan's Steeple Chase,'—the 'Bolt and Tun,'
'Plans' for consolidating 'Siamese.'

'Hunt's is the cheapest and the best.'—Defiance
To 'Warren's' opposite in letters large;
'New Saxony broad cloths,' in which reliance
Might, if once tried, be fixed with moderate charge.

'Sauce and anchovies,' staring 'Burgess' over
 The way, whose sauce is savoury to the taste;
 The 'New Police,'—the 'Surrey'—'Hay and Clover'
 'Cutting Machines,'—the 'New Fermenting Yeast.'

The 'Morning Concerts,'—'Tiffin's Antidotes,'
 'The Spectre Bride,'—'For Sale by Auction,' 'Lost
 A Poodle,' 'Found a Brooch,'—'A £10 Note,'—
 'Strayed a Bay Colt,'—'At half the usual cost.'

A 'Bankrupt Stock,'—'Absconded,'—'Owen's Plan,'—
 'Ben Jonson's phiz,' and 'Shakspeare's sticking fast;
 For 'Hernia,'—'Hooping Cough,' the 'Asthma.' Man
 May ne'er be strand-ed should his patience last.

'Building Materials,'—'Steamers for the Nore';
 'Paul Pry,'—the 'Age,' the 'Sovereign,' 'Matthews,'
 'Burke,'
 'Kean's Wherries' sailing,—'Fanny Kemble's tour,'
 And all the themes which give the PRINTERS work.

From the Olio.

SONG,

*Composed for a Printers' Way Goose.**

YE sons of that art, which so happily hurl'd
 (When discover'd) blind ignorance forth from the world;
 Blest art, which bade science spread over the earth,
 And warm'd with its beams every art into birth;
 Since here we are met to *compose* a gay throng,
 Assist a *companion* to *work off* a song.

Tho' these festive hours are devoted to joy,
 Let nothing immod'rate true pleasure annoy:

* **WAY GOOSE.**—The derivation of this term is not generally known. It is from the old English word *wayz*, stubble. A wayz Goose was the head dish at the annual feast of the forefathers of our fraternity. "WAYZ GOOSE, a stubble Goose, an entertainment given to journeymen at the beginning of Winter."—*Bailey*.

Let friendship and mirth here united be found,
 And reason our guide, while each glass passes round ;
 That reason let's share o'er our glass and our pipe,
 Which ages have learnt from the sons of the *type*.

Our *mysterious art*, that invaluable mine,
 Instructs the Physician, the Lawyer, Divine ;
 The Doctor prescribes from the books that he reads,
 The Lawyer by precedents ever proceeds :
 To fill up this trio there wants but one hint,
 The Clergyman preaches verbatim from *print*.

In fine, my *companions*, to end this short song,
 Since life is a *page*, oft *short*, sometimes *long* ;
 To this golden rule let us ever adhere,
 From every *foul sort* to keep our *case* clear ;
 That when our *great Author* his *work* shall inspect,
 He may find by the *proof* that the *matter's correct*.

ADDRESS TO THE ALPHABET.

I WONDER, O Alphabet, what could have been
 The fate of this world as we mortals pass through,
 And what would have cheer'd, and what sadden'd the scene,
 Had not Cadmus, or somebody else, thought of you ?
 As matters now stand, or in sorrow or joy,
 Almost all that affects, those who read must agree,
 The news that delights, the commands that employ,
 We gain at thy hands, potent, famed A B C.

A B C, mind, I take as the name of the firm,
 You're entitled to claim, or to sue or be sued,
 Initials that now form a popular term,
 With Alphabet mostly synonymous view'd.
 Had you not been fashion'd our planet to glad,
 What different amusements, and studies, and ways,
 Must needs have been sought, if we could not have had
 Novels, histories, newspapers, poems, and plays.

They little foresaw, who first call'd for your use,
 The part you would have to perform in late times ;
 The odd combinations that scribes would produce,
 By their labours in prose, or their frolics in rhymes ;
 If the nonsense which you have on all countries hurl'd,
 Had never been written—of course never read—
 Had so much of folly been spared to the world,
 Or would it have burst forth in actions instead ?

The mischief you've done, as I cannot now write,
 Of folio volumes a thousand or two,
 I will not approach at this time of the night,
 For the terrible task I should never get through ;
 But just in a general way I may hint,
 Though Liberty's interests by you may prevail,
 Your agency giving opinions to print,
 Has doom'd many hundreds to languish in gaol.

How the savage must stare, in the world's ruder state,
 At the part play'd by you, when he suddenly found,
 While conference joining, or eager debate,
 'Twas your's to arrest, and to shape reduce sound,
 To be carried o'er oceans ! It scarcely could seem,
 Had thunder acknowledg'd a mortal command,
 More strange,—or had lightning submitted its gleam
 To be carried away in the pocket or hand.

How mighty the change, could you now be withdrawn !
 Full many a ranting M.P. would not spout,
 If no journal could issue the following dawn,
 To tell all the world what he spouted about.
 Poets, printers, and critics, and playwrights must go,
 With library-keepers, and booksellers gay,
 While patriots and loyal petitioners low,
 Would be laid in a moment, if you were away.

Were this beneficial ?—Hang me if I know !
 Much wisdom you furnish ; but, 'twixt you and me,
 You give too of folly so boundless a flow,
 That, seeking the former, we're wholly at sea ;

And falsehood so soberly imitates truth,
 As nonsense will, frequently, clearness of head,
 That, seeking for knowledge, too credulous youth
 Become worse than ignorant, being misled.

What your true value then, I am puzzled to tell ;
 Or whether most good or most harm you have done ;
 And, being uncertain, perhaps 'tis as well
 To finish my musings just where they begun.
 But, dear A. B. C. think not hostile my lay ;
 In spite of misgivings, attach'd to you still,
 A sword of defence I would not throw away,
 Because an assassin may use it to kill.

Takings ; or, the Life of a Collegian.

THE PRESS AND LIBERTY.

Written for the Manchester Typographical Society.

AIR.—“ We shall ne'er see the like again.”

EACH Briton loves his native shore,
 And Liberty doth prize :
 The richest gem in Nature's store
 Is nought, till bondage flies ;
 'Till Freedom breaks despotic chains,
 And tyrants prostrate fall ;
 Then man's majestic soul attains
 The fire of Freedom's call.

O'er sea—on land—with power divine,
 The *Press* spreads Liberty ;
 The knave, with heart of base design,
 And all “ the Powers that be,”
 Are, by its master-spirit, taught
 That Nature must be free :
 Hail, then, the noble Art, so fraught—
 The *Press* and Liberty !

The *Press* protects man's earthly right,
 And elevates his soul ;
 Expands his mind with Reason's light ;
 Then pledge we, in the bowl,
 "The Printing Art,"—all nations' pride—
 The beacon free souls hail ;
 'Tis Nature's friend—none dare beside
 The tyrant's power assail.

United, then, may Printers be,
 In friendship, hand, and heart :
 Of Fortune's smiles, which bless the free,
 May Typos claim a part :
 Since to their Art we Freedom owe ;
 By that doth bondage flee ;
 Then pledge, whilst the goblet o'erflow,
 The *Press* and Liberty !

June, 1829.

C. W. Wallis.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

ONE Reader cries, your strain's too grave :
 Too much morality you have ;
 Too much about religion :
 Give me some witch and wizzard tales
 Of slip-shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
 Of feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
 Those monstrous, fashionable lies—
 In other words those novels,
 Composed of kings, and queens, and lords,
 Of border wars, and gothic hordes
 That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation :
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin ;
The merchant fain would learn the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of India silks, or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus, or a riddle—
Some long for missionary news—
And some (of worldly, carnal views)
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper :
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled-up variety :
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed, I only give the hint,
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty ;
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
 Of people totally undone
 By losses, fire, or fever;
 Another answers, full as wise,
 I'd rather have a fall and rise
 Of Raccoon skins and Beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
 For now and then a favorite dish
 Of politics to suit them;
 But here I rest at perfect ease,
 For should they swear the moon was cheese,
 I never should confute them.

Or grave or humourous, wild or tame,
 Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
 Too haughty, or too humble:
 Then, Mr. Editor, pursue
 The path that seems the best to you,
 And let the grumblers grumble.

SONG.

Written for the Nottingham Typographical Society.

TUNE.—“Hearts of Oak.”

COME aid me, kind friends, in a just noble cause,
 Who succour the needy by Charity's laws;—
 Of you then I'll sing, and such hearts I caress,
 As maintain and defend the true rights of “*The Press*.”

CHORUS.

Hearty cheers now resound o'er a brim flowing bowl;
 Your glasses fill ready,
 Steady boys steady—
 Our toast—“May the *Press* ever Tyrants control.”

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

J. Thompson.

How shall a young attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern ?
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch ?
Then hear an old experienced sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner :
Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best ;

Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humourous lines ;
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown :
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, sit down to write ;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair :
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes.—

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type :
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
But when in CAPITALS express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest ;
Or else, perhaps, he may invent
A better than the poet meant,
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost :
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised !

Be sure at Will's the following day
Lie snug, and hear what critics say ;
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little ;
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle :
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion ;

Or praise the judgment of the town,
 And help yourself to run it down ;—
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side ;
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame ;
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse ;
 And since you ne'er provoked their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgment's right ;
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

1733.

Dean Swift.



THE FOUL PROOF.

YE Authors list ! we must a tale unfold,
 Which, doubtless, some of you have oft been told ;
 You little dream how much poor *Typo's* vex'd,
 When with *bad copy* his mind's sore perplex'd ;
 Nor is this all, he still has cause to dread
 The *Reader's gall*, when first his *proof* is read ;
Corrected now, to you 'tis straight convey'd,
 And in a trice the greatest havoc's made ;
 Methinks we see you every *page* survey,
 As with blunt pen the *world's map* you portray !
 The numerous *marks*, on its *margin's* plain,
 Appear like soldiers in the battle slain !

The *proof's* return'd—the *Chapel's members* all
 Rush to the *stone*, obedient to his call,
 To view this carnage, though no blood appears,
 Yet e'en the sight awakes their manly fears !
 Aloud they roar—enough to strike him dead,
 “ *A mob, a mob, th' riot act must be read !* ”
 His grief to soothe—they, sympathising, bawl,
 “ *Patience and a sharp bodkin cures all !* ”
 His *form*, with heavy heart, he then *lays up*,
 And *letters* seeks, which fills his bitter cup.
 How often, when *correcting* at the *stone*,
 He's prayed for you, while *breaking his breast-bone* !
 Reflect, when next you wield your potent quills,
 And spare the printer all these dreaded ills :
Revise, transcribe, and make your copy right,
 Thus save his labour and his precious sight !

From Johnson's Typographia.

SONG.

Written for the Nottingham Typographical Society.

TUNE.—“Gee-ho, Dobbin.”

COME, each *Chapelonian* ! I hope you'll agree,
 To drink to the mem'ry of CAXTON, with me ;
 The *Father of Printing*,—his labour to bless,
 In Westminster Abbey he fix'd the first *Press* :
 Oh ! rare, *Printing*, the fam'd Art of *Printing* !
 Long may it flourish, and never decay.

The use of our Art spread in each British town,
 Tho' the *monks* and the *friars* would fain put it down ;
 In each *chapel* a *devil* soon put them to shame,
 And *batter'd* the foes that would *mackle* our fame !
 Oh ! rare, *Printing*, &c.

When call'd to the *bar* we no *register* need,
 For so *clean* are our *proofs* to all that can read;
 And our hearts, like our *quoins*, are always secure,
 Our *characters* bold, and the *fount* will endure.
 Oh ! rare, Printing, &c.

As *companions*, I trust, we shall ever *compose*
 A *broadside* of friendship, and on *tramps* ne'er *impose* ;
 To night, a *full case*, and the *heap* not too *dry*,
 A *good measure*, to-morrow, but the *sorts* not in *pie*.
 Oh ! rare, Printing, &c.

May we keep in a JOURNAL,* the joys of this day
 That will bear a REVIEW* when we wish to be gay ;
 May a MERCURY* waft to our friends far and near,
 The *fat work* and *good pull* we have once a year !
 Oh ! rare, Printing, &c.

When the Great *Overseer* bids the last *form* to *rise*,
 May our *work* be *correct*, and need no *revise* ;
 Securely *lock'd up*, may fresh *copy* be given,
 And all *Chapelonians* together in Heaven !
 Oh ! rare, Printing, &c.

June, 1831.

C. H. Timperley.

THE NEWSMAN.

"I, that do *bring* the News."—*Shakspeare*.

OUR calling, however, the vulgar may deem,
 Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem ;
 E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,
 For *Hermes* was only the *Newsman* of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his heels,
 He depicted appears. which our myst'ry reveals,
 That *news* flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,
 While leaning on Time, *Truth* comes heavily after.

1747.

Newsman's Verses.

* The Nottingham Newspapers.

SONG.—THE NEWSPAPER.

TUNE.—“Oh, what a day.”

OH, what a thing it is that ev'ry man can read the news,
 And by the papers trace the progress, rise, and fall ;
 Old father Time, so kind, does regularly breed the news,
 Suitable to old and young, and great and small :
 Each part intended is to women or men tickle,
 Ev'ry one looks out for something identical,
 Hopes after novelty, eye-sight certain ratifying,
 Mental hungry maw stuffing, gormandizing, gratifying.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Each other's taste folks don't care a button for :
 The soldier looks for battles lost and won ;
 Butchers the Smithfield price beef and mutton for,
 (Sinking the offal) at so much per stone ;
 Men of fashion, beau monde, elegance and graces ;
 Advertisements are read by servants wanting places ;
 Solid reading sought by thinking folks sedentary ;
 Politicians pleased with reports parliamentary.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Black legs look to the betting at Tattersall's,
 Hedging their bets by this 'gainst that—
 Which horse wins ?—the first or the latter shall ;
 Tallow-chandlers look to the price of fat ;
 Fundholders see to the price of the four per cents ;
 Consols reduced, very much lower per cents. ;
 Lovers of poetry search for the metrical ;
 Actors to criticism—praise or blame theatrical.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Members of Parliament read their own speeches ;
 Lawyers the King Bench Reports go through ;
 Police Reports a good lesson teaches ;
 Mansion-house, Guildhall, and Bow-street too ;

Pickpockets look for a certain part daily,
 Who's to be tried next at the Old Bailey ;
 Watch for the sentences of Judge on haranguing day,
 And who's to suffer on the next coming hanging day.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Young maids look to the list of the marryings,
 Crim. Con., Rapes, not one line miss'd ;
 Undertakers to deaths and buryings,
 Ill-natured tradesmen to the bankrupts' list ;
 Doctors, effects of prescriptions and potions ;
 Half-pay officers, the list of promotions ;
 Pugalists, prize fights, and bull-baits vandalizing ;
 All old-maids to table-talk and scandalizing.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.
T. Hudson.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

IMITATED.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
 Or send a well wrote copy to the press,
 And, by disclosing, end them ? To print, to doubt
 No more ; and by one act to say we end
 The headache, and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
 From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound :
 To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
 For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes
 Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years ;
 For who would bear the' im patient thirst of fame,

The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
'That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus Critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard, from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

Rev. Richard Jago.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEWSPAPER.

THIS folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And, with a dexterous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved

To' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost !
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread !

Cowper.

ODE.

Written for the Sheffield Typographical Society.

LORD ! taught by thee, when Caxton bade
 His silent words for ever speak ;
 A grave for tyrants then was made—
 Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

With study worn, the all-scorn'd man
 For bread, for bread, his *Press* prepared ;
 He knew not, Lord ! thy wond'rous plan !
 Nor why, nor what, he did and dared !

When first the might of deathless thought
 Impress'd the far-instructing page ;—
 Unconscious Giant ! how he smote
 The fraud and force of many an age !

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
 And they who bought her harlotry ;
 Thy printer shook the throned on bones,
 And *shall* all evil yet to be.

The power he grasp'd let none disdain,
 It conquer'd then and conquers still !
 By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
 It conquer'd then and ever will.

It conquers *here* ! the fight is won !
 We thank thee Lord ! with many a tear !
 For many a not unworthy son
 Of Caxton does thy bidding here !

We help ourselves—thy cause we aid ;
 We build for heaven, beneath the skies ;
 And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
 Our daily bread a tyrant's sighs.

1832.

Author of Corn Law Rhymes.

THE PRESS.

THE *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press*,
 It makes the nations free !
 Before it tyrants prostrate fall,
 And proud oppressors flee !
 In what a state of wretchedness
 Without it we should be ;
 And can we then too highly prize
 The source of liberty !

The *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press*,
 It dissipates our gloom !
 And sheds a ray of happiness
 O'er victims of the tomb.
 See darkness from his ebon throne
 Has fled to realms of night,
 And o'er the world is now diffused
 A flood of heavenly light !

The *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press* !
 What thanks are due to those
 Who all attempts to quench its beams
 Triumphantlly oppose !
 To them belongs the wreath of fame !
 The garland of renown !
 The honour of a deathless name,
 A never-fading crown.

X. N.

SONG.*

TUNE.—“Roast beef of Old England.”

WHEN learning and science were both sunk in night,
 And genius and freedom were banish'd outright,
 The invention of PRINTING soon brought all to light ;
 Then carol the beauties of Printing,
 And sing in the noble Art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught Art,
 And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
 Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,
 To carol, &c.

Though every *compositor galleys* must have,
 Yet judge not from this, that he is a slave,
 For Printing has often dug tyranny's grave.
 To carol, &c.

* I am informed that this Song was written by a well-known *typo*, commonly called *Chester Booth* ; and Mr. Dodd only borrowed a part for his Cantata.—vide page 15, *ante*.

If *correction* he needs, all mankind do the same,
 When he *quadrats* his matter, he is not to blame,
 For to *justification* he lays a strong claim.

Then carol, &c.

Though he daily *imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
 Like Nimrod he follows the *chase* all day long,
 And always to him a good *slice* does belong.

Then carol, &c.

Though friendly to peace, yet *French canon* he loves,
 Expert in his *great* and *long primer* he proves ;
 And with skill and address all his *furniture* moves.

Then carol, &c.

Though no antiquary, he deals much in *quoins*,
 And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
 And to aid the republic of letters he joins.

Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and in *medium* invites,
 Though no blockhead, he often in *foolscap* delights,
 And handles his *shooting-stick*, though he ne'er fights.

Then carol, &c.

But the Art to complete, the stout *Pressmen* must come,
 And make use of their *rollers*, their *frisket*, and *drum*,
 And to strike the impression the *plattin* pull home.

Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
 We're the farthest from God when the church we are near;
 So in all printing *chapels* do *devils* appear.

Then carol, &c.

On the *Press*, truth, religion, and learning depend,
 Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
 Then my *bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend,
 And carol the praises of Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

EXTRACT FROM

"THE COMPOSING ROOM," A POEM.

*The Chapel.**

BUT now the father damps the angry flame,
 And the full chapel empties every *frame*.
 Sam Brown—the plaintiff—duly has paid down,
 With solemn phiz, the customary *brown*;
 For here, as in King William's courts of law,
 There must be current coin as well as jaw.
 The clerk cries "Silence!" and the father spreads
 His hand, in view of the assembled heads,
 And thus commences—"Gentlemen, in your
 "Collective wisdom we must find a cure
 "For ills—which I'm inform'd by Mr. Brown,
 "Stick in his throat, and can't be bolted down."
 At this ensues a loud and general laugh,
 With nods and winks, and lots of *under-chaff*.
 Order restor'd,—complainant states his case
 With *quantum-suff* of tremor and grimace:

This extract is from a Poem with the above title, now in the course of publication in London, and to be had only of George Brimmer, Maidenhead Court, Little St. Thomas the Apostle. From the specimen here shewn of the author's ability to depict the *mysteries* of the profession, it entitles him to the support of every brother Type.

* In extensive houses, where many workmen are employed, the *Calling a Chapel* is a business of great importance, and generally takes place when a member of the office has a complaint to allege against any of his fellow-workmen; the first intimation of which he makes to *the Father of the Chapel*, usually the oldest printer in the house: who, should he conceive that the charge can be substantiated, and the injury, supposed to have been received, is of such magnitude as to call for the interference of the law, summonses the members of *the Chapel* before him at the *Imposing Stone*, and there receives the allegations and the defence, in solemn assembly, and dispenses justice with typographical rigour and impartiality. These trials, though they are sources of neglect of business and other irregularities, often afford scenes of genuine humour. The punishment generally consists in the criminal providing a libation, by which the offended workmen may wash away the stain that his misconduct has laid upon the body at large. Should the plaintiff not be able to substantiate his charge, the fine then falls upon himself, for having maliciously arraigned his companion; a mode of practice which is marked with the features of sound policy, as it never loses sight of *The Good of the Chapel*.—*McCreery*.

" I'm sorry, Gents (his hand upon his braces),
 " My case has caus'd you all to leave your *cases*—
 " But Mr. Green supposes I am green,
 " Whereas the diff'rence will be shortly seen,
 " For you're too deep, too long upon the town,
 " To think that brown is green, or green is brown."
 Loud cries of *Nonsense, Folly, Trash, and Stuff!*
 Mix'd up with *Question, Hear him, That's enough!*

Now Mr. Brown—to order call'd—proceeds
 To tell the chapel of Green's evil deeds.
 " *My* father—Mister Father—Gentlemen—
 " With your permission I'll begin again.
 " Last Tuesday afternoon, at half-past four—
 " It might be somewhat less, or somewhat more—
 " Defendant Green (as I suppose) espied
 " An empty letter-board at my frame side,
 " And speedily solicited me to
 " Permit his using it a day or so.
 " This I—at all times willing to *obleege*"——
 Here plaintiff's head sustain'd a vig'rous *sneeze*,
 Which drove the heels of chapelonians near
 Upon the toes collected in their rear,
 And caus'd some growlings—such as, " Cut the line!"
 " Dismiss his *case*, that I may go to mine!
 " I wish that Brown and Green were black and blue,
 " For hind'ring business with this much ado;"
 With more, which it is needless here to note;
 When the loud " silence!" of the father's throat
 Recalls our bang-up speaker to his theme,
 Kindles his fire, and generates his steam.

" Well—to conclude—to Mr. Green I lent
 " This board—the subject of my discontent;
 " But if chopp'd up—or cast into that *burn*
 " From whence, alas! no letter-boards return—
 " Or seiz'd by quoin-drawer overseer, to bear
 " Its load of standing matter for a year
 " (Fast bound in his queer closet's potent spell),
 " To me 'twere quite as *un-come-at-able*.

" Therefore, I pray ye, make my cause your own,
 " And let this worthy chapel's will be done."

He ceas'd—and, with a self-approving smile,
 Look'd round upon the partners of his toil;
 Then prick'd his ears up and compos'd his mien,
 To learn what might proceed from Mr. Green.

He, with firm front and a decided tone,
 Admits at once the damage he has done.
 " I make not, gentlemen, a vain defence
 " Against our chapel's laws and common sense.
 " I am the worm which levell'd Jonah's gourd!
 " I saw—I borrow'd—and I kept his board.
 " *This* is the head and front of my offence;
 " For *this* the chapel fine is *twenty-pence*;
 " Which I (in duty bound) will freely pay—
 " But yet I have a word or two to say.
 " I hate the curst aristocratic crow
 " Of an *imperium in imperio*!—
 " Had Mr. Brown, while claiming of his right,
 " Behav'd towards me in a way polite,
 " And not perform'd the parts of *Bounce* and *Swell*—
 " Which (though he acts them tolerably well)
 " To me are hateful as the fiends of hell—
 " I should have kept my temper and my word,
 " And long ere this return'd his letter-board."

So saying, on his cash his hand he laid,
 As one who thought—why, damme, who's afraid?
 Which when the father and the chapel saw,
 The cry was—" Messrs. Brown and Green, withdraw!"
 This while they did, the chapel laugh'd outright:
 Green stalk'd like Ajax from the field of fight;
 While little Brown—(like dog who fears the gale
 May separate his body from his tail,
 And therefore draws it close his legs between)—
 Slow creeping o'er the office floor was seen.
 At length the door shuts after them—and now,
 O Muse! assist me to describe—the row.

To aid your view (I should have said before)
 Imagine, reader, thirty men, or more,
 Assembled near a long *imposing-stone* ;
 Some more than *sixty*, some but *twenty-one*—
 Of each complexion, disposition, taste—
 Imbu'd with virtue, or by vice debas'd.
 Some strictly steady, *fram'd* to persevere,
 Pursue *this* course throughout the varying year:—
 From bed to *Baldwin's*, and from *Baldwin's* back
 To bed—in one continu'd beaten track :
 Deducting Sundays, walking, eating, sleeping,
 Through their whole lives at work they're closely keeping.
 Others, erratic from their mother's breast,
 Are by some untam'd devil still possess'd—
 These are your harum-scarum jolly boys,
 Who love Scotch ale, and glory in their noise ;
 Who, if their object were the soul's salvation,
 Would strive to carry *that*—by acclamation !

This latter class (well knowing how to screen)
 Intuitively take the part of Green.
 The former—not without abundant cause—
 Support *Saint Brown*, the chapel, and its laws.

And now—let loose awhile each Typo's tongue—
 Confusion reign'd, which cannot here be sung.
 Take, then, this single sample for the whole—
 A glass of punch will show what's in the bowl—
 “ I say Tom Green has spoken like a man ! ”
 Loud cries of “ *Order!* ” through the chapel ran ;
 Some from the father's lungs, and some from those
 Yclept the *Saints*, the *Maw-worms*, and the *Crows*.
 At length the father—“ Gentlemen, forbear !
 “ While all are talking, nobody can hear.
 “ Into short *motions* cut your long *verboses* ;
 “ For really this too much our time engrosses.
 “ And time, if well employ'd, is cash, my boys ;
 “ Therefore save all you can, and—spare your jaws.”

Anon, like Antwerp's citadel, appears
 THE MOTION—filling many breasts with fears ;

But soon TH' AMENDMENT's quick exploding mine
 Compels its stern commander to resign.
 " I move that we remit the fine on Green,"
 Was levell'd to the ground as soon as seen
 (Howe'er secure, determin'd, or unwilling),
 By moving—" that Green's fine be made a shilling."
 Thus showing, though the chapel's laws they guard,
 No wish on individuals to be hard;
 While the proposers of entire remission
 Hold out immunity for crime's commission.

At length the chapel's messenger goes down
 Below—to fetch up Messrs. Green and Brown.
 Arriv'd, the chapel's *organ*—i. e. dad—
 Breathes forth this solemn dirge, so slow and sad:—

" My painful duty, Mr. Green, is now
 " (In chapel, where all typographers bow)
 " The chapel's awful mandate to reveal,
 " And show you how your brother members feel.
 " You have been guilty of a great transgression:
 " We've had the *proofs*—we've got a *strong impression*
 " Of all your *matter*—guilt, remorse, confession!
 " We feel this latter feature in your case
 " Gives it at once a better-favour'd face;
 " *It sinks the offal*, and it shows a mind
 " Not totally deprav'd, diseas'd, and blind:
 " *This* almost sav'd you from impending fate,
 " And quite inclin'd us all to mitigate.
 " One solemn portion now alone remains
 " Of this black bill of penalties and pains:—
 " You know the chapel's fine is *twenty-pence*;
 " And thus—in me—the chapel shows its *sense*:
 " Take *eight* from *twenty*, *twelve* remains behind—
 " Our judgment is—that you one *bob* be fin'd."

These were his words—but my description's weak;
 No one but those who saw and heard them speak,
 Can form an adequate idea of these
 Diverting, well-sustain'd, solemnities.

But ere the members to their *frames* return—
 To think how much they need, how little earn—
 Towards the clerk I see the father look,
 And hear him ask—"What stands upon your book?"
 The clerk replies—"Ours are indeed *hard lines*;
 "Dry is the chapel, scanty are the fines.
 "I fear ere long we shall have 'no effects,'
 "The bump of *circumspection* so projects.
 "However, there's six shillings now in hand—
 "Then let the chapel issue its command
 "To *spend* or *not to spend*—as that's decided,
 "The liquor will or will not be provided."

And now at once to th' vote *this* question goes;
 O *Lush-ingtons*! and cannot ye compose
 The differences of the *Ayes* and *Noes*?
 Well knowing (as ye do) good liquor slips
 Betwixt those parties, as 'twixt cups and lips.
 Cannot your partners—Clamour, Heat, and Noise—
 Mix up a bev'rage for your parched jaws?
 May not your will and theirs, at least, be done
 By holding up *two* hands instead of *one*?—
 No!—on *division* ev'ry *Crow* insists;
 Where nought is gain'd by *handy* extra fists:
 And (though ye tell their numbers o'er and o'er)
They still have a majority of—*four*.
 Alas! your friends are smother'd in the dust
 They rais'd—with nothing to assuage their thirst!

Go on, brave *Typos*! ever thus outvote
 All motions flowing from a fiery throat.
 Fools, like soft stones, yield to the force of *drops*;
 But men of mind may more than master *Mops*!
By a *Compositor*.

TYPOGRAPHICAL WIT.

"Ho! Tommy," bawls Type, to a brother in trade,
 "The ministry are to be *chang'd* it is said."
 "That's good," replied Tom; "but it better would be
 With a trifling erratum." "What?" "Dele the c."

ODE.

Written at the request of the Printers of New York.

TUNE.—“Marseillois Hymn.”

O’ER regal domes, renown’d in story,
 The trinal banner proudly waves ;
 And France resumes the march of glory—
 Her gallant sons no longer slaves.
 With tyrants vainly had they pleaded ;
 But when the *Press* in thunder spoke,
 It burst their chains with lightning-stroke,
 And peace and liberty succeeded.

CHORUS.

Then swell the choral strains,
 To hail the blest decree ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the *Press* shall reign,
 And all the world be free.

All hail, renown’d chivalric nation !
 Land of the olive and the vine ;
 Inspired with kindred emulation,
 Our bosoms glow with joy like thine,
 Columbia’s grateful sons can never
 Forget that in her darkest hour
 She owed to Gallic arm the power,
 To disenthral her *Press* for ever.
 Then swell the choral strains.

The day which saw the sceptre shivered,
 And hailed Columbia truly free,
 From every hireling foe delivered,
 We consecrate to joy and thee.
 Powerless are thy tyrants—Liberty,
 And a *free Press*, the beacon light
 That bursts upon oppression’s night,
 Has spread eternal glory o’er thee.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Thy charter'd rights, with lawless daring,
 Beneath oppressors' feet were trod ;
 'Till startled despots heard, despairing,
 The people's voice, the voice of God !
 Their sovereign will was loudly spoken—
 The *Press* proclaimed it to the world—
 Till Freedom's ensign waved unfurled,
 And Gallia's galling chains were broken.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Thy gallant band of youthful heroes,
 Roused by their bleeding country's prayers,
 Undaunted hurled on ruthless nerves
 The vengeance due to crimes like theirs.
 Too late they see their fatal error—
 Their hireling guards by thousands fall—
 The *Press* resigns its *types* for ball,
 And despots fly the scene in terror.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Their deeds shall live in deathless story,
 And song preserve their chaplets green ;
 Yet still the brightest rays of glory
 Circle one god-like brow serene ;
 'Tis his, whose youthful valour aided
 Columbia's cause, when hostile bands
 Were laying waste her fairest lands,
 And all her blooming hopes had faded.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Immortal Lafayette, we hail thee—
 The friend of equal rights on earth ;
 Though servile tools of Kings assail thee,
 Columbia knows and owns thy worth.
 Thou first of heroes, best of sages,
 The glorious chaplet thou hast won,
 Disciple of our Washington,
 Shall bloom like his for endless ages.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Samuel Woodworth.

D

THE PAPER.

TO OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

IN gown and slippers loosely drest,
And breakfast brought, a welcome guest,
What is it gives the meal a zest?

The Paper.

When new laid eggs the table grace,
And smoking rolls are in their place,
Say what enlivens every face?

The Paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
If the vile newsman has forgot

The Paper.

What is't can draw the vicar's eye
E'en from the tithe pig smoking by,
To mark some vacant rectory?

The Paper.

What is't attracts the optic powers
Of Ensign gay, when Fortune showers
Down prospects of "a step" in "ours?"

The Paper.

What is't can make the man of law
Neglect the deed or plea, to draw
Ca. Sa.—Fi. Fa.—Indictment, Flaw?

The Paper.

What is't can soothe his client's woe,
And make him quite forget John Doe,
Nor think on Mister Richard Roe?

The Paper.

What is't absorbs the wealthy cit,
The half-pay sub, the fool, the wit,
The toothless aunt, the forward chit, ?

The Paper.

What is't informs the country round
What's stolen or stray'd, what's lost or found ;
Who's born, and who's put under ground ?

The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer and rise of bread,
And what fair lady's brought to bed ?

The Paper.

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls ?

The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory ?

The Paper.

What speaks of thieves, and purses taken,
And murders done, and maids forsaken,
And average price of Wiltshire bacon ?

The Paper.

Abroad, at home, infirm, or stout
In health, or raving with the gout,
Who possibly can do without

The Paper ?

Its worth and merits then revere,
And since to day begins the year,
Forget not 'midst your Christmas cheer,
Nor think you ere can buy too dear,

The Paper.

THE POET'S PEN.

(From the Greek of Menecrates)

I was an useless reed ; no cluster hung
 My brow with purple grapes, no blossom flung
 The coronet of crimson on my stem ;
 No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
 Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
 Around my feet, nor jessamine's sweet wreath
 Robed me in silver : day and night I pined
 On the lone moor, and shiver'd in the wind.
 At length a poet found me. From my side
 He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed
 My lips in *Helicon*. From that high hour
 I SPOKE ! My words were flame and living power,
 All the wide wonders of the earth were mine,
 Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine ;
 Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald ;
 High as the hills with thunder clouds are pall'd.
 And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
 Had never wet so sweet on violets blue.
 To me the mighty sceptre was a wand,
 The roar of nations peal'd at my command ;
 To me, the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain ;
 I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain ;
 Or tow'ring o'er them all, without a plume,
 I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
 Till blaz'd th' Olympian glories on my eye,
 Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity.

Pulci.

THE POET'S PORTION.

WHAT is a mine—a treasury—a dower—
 A magic talisman of mighty power ?
 A poet's wide possession of the earth :
 He has th' enjoyment of a flower's birth

Before its budding—ere the first red streaks—
 And winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.
 Look if his dawn be not ere other men's
 Twenty bright flushes—ere another kens
 The first of sunlight is abroad, he sees
 Its gold election of the topmost trees,
 And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.
 When do his fruits delay? When doth his corn
 Linger for harvesting? Before the leaf
 Is commonly abroad, in his piled sheaf
 The flagging poppies lose their ardent flame.
 No sweet there is, no pleasure you can name,
 But he will sip it first—before the lees:—
 'Tis his to taste rich honey ere the bees
 Are busy with the brooms:—he may forestal
 June's rosy advent for his coronal,
 Before expectance buds upon the bough,
 Turning his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.
 Oh! blest to see the flower in its seed,
 Before its leafy presence; for, indeed,
 Leaves are but wings on which the Summer flies,
 And each thing, perishable, fades and dies,
 Except in thought; but his rich thinkings be
 Like overflows of immortality—
 So that what there is steeped shall perish never,
 But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever!

T. Hood.

THE POET'S ANATHEMA.

On a Printer who had displeased him.

MAY all your *columns* fall in *pie*,
 Each *chase* be gnawed by rust;
 Weak, weak as water be your *lye*,
 Your *cases* filled with dust.

May all your *sticks* untrue be made,
 Your *frames* too high or low;
 No *page* upon the *stone* be laid
 Where it should rightly go.

May all your *rules* be short and rough,
 Your *bodkin* but a nail;
 Your *balls* be like a barber's puff,
 And rats your *pelts* assail.

May crooked stand of *type* each kind,
 Your *press* run hard for oil;
 Your *gallies* ten degrees inclined,
 Your *paste* be vermin's spoil.

May all your *devils* idle be,
 Yet look to you for bread;
 And may you ne'er from duns be free,
 Until your dead—dead—dead—
R. S. Coffin.

SONG.

Written for the Nottingham Typographical Society.

TUNE.—“Hearts of Oak.”

To each Son of the *Press*, who is met round this board,
 May pleasure descend, and to each one afford,
 Its joys to partake of the cheer which we see,
 And our toast, now and ever, “The *Press* shall be free.”

CHORUS.

Then drink to the *Press*, may its *sheets* be unfurl'd,
 And ever be ready,
 Tyrants to sever—
 And its blessings receiv'd all over the world.

May our hearts in the *Press-book* securely be *bound*,
 In friendship and truth may our names there be found
 Enroll'd on the *page*, where mild Charity's hand
 Has written her laws—and this her command—

Obey all my dictates, ye Sons of the *Press*,
 And ever be ready,
 In Charity steady—
 And ne'er close your hand on a *tramp* in distress.

The *Press* may be called fam'd Liberty's tree,
 Its fruit is well known to the brave and the free;
 May its branches extend and o'ershadow the earth,
 And Justice and Laws in each Nation have birth.
 Then drink to the *Press*, &c.

No power of a tyrant the *Press* can controul,
 Where its beam sheds its rays to enlighten the soul;
 If they dare to enchain it—its *canon* is sure,
 With *broadsides* well aimed our laws to secure.
 Then drink to the *Press*, &c.

Then fearless and bold may the *Press* shed its light,
 Like a beacon on high, in the darkness of night;
 And honour and virtue, in full blaze of day,
 Be ever our guide to drive error away.
 Then drink to the *Press*, &c.
June, 1832. *C. H. Timperley.*

THE CRITIC.

A Critic was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
 His judgment great, and great his candour too.
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, oh strange reverse! our Critics bawl
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall,
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night:
 Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.
Churchill.

TO THE PRESS.

HAIL! mighty engine! Source of righteous power!
 Free as air, and unconfined art thou.
 At thy dread voice,
 Corruption hides its head—folds up its leaves—
 And dares not scatter forth its baneful spells.
 Thou art the tyrant's foe—thy lash is worse
 Than all the cat-o'-nine-tails that are used
 To lacerate the backs of harmless men.
 Thou hold'st him forth to public view, and shew'st
 The people what a man can do, whose heart
 Is not the seat of truth and charity.
 By thee is Liberty sustained :—this Isle
 Knows not the horror of an Autocrat
 Sending his subjects into banishment—
 Making their children slaves—and thus depriving
 Them of their dearest birthright—liberty.

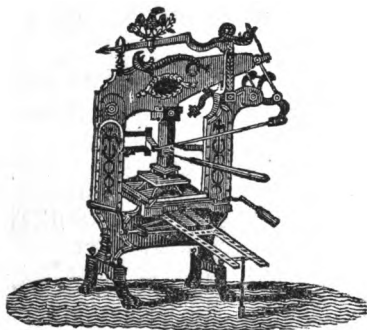
Wondrous machine!

I gaze on thee, and think of olden times,
 When darkness overspread the land—and men
 Had all their faculties obscured. No light
 Dawned upon Britain then—fell superstition—
 Feudal tyranny—fastened their minds in chains,
 Till Germany brought forth the mighty art
 Of Printing! Then Albion's shores
 Echoed with Freedom's voice—though but in infancy—
 Till, growing faster, as years rolled along,
 It gained that mighty power which now controls
 The Senate, and the Monarch on the Throne—
 Upholds their due prerogatives—and checks
 Excessive power—and keeps it within bounds.

Maidstone.

*R. S. Laplain.**

* It is with regret that we announce the death of the author of the above piece, who died on the 22d of October, 1832, twelve days after writing it. He was only seventeen years of age; the son of a printer, and himself apprenticed to the profession. The talent evinced by him in the art of poesy, showed a precocity of intellect not often surpassed. He was a dutiful and an affectionate son, making his loss deeply deplored by his relations;—and the profession will long cherish his memory, for, had he lived, he would no doubt have become one of its brightest ornaments.



THE COLUMBIAN PRESS.

THE PRESS.

BEHOLD the *Press*! from which pure fountain springs
 The talent that upholds the throne of Kings!
 Whilst Lords and Commons guide the helm of State,
 Law and Religion guard the kingly seat:
 Thus the quaternion, deck'd in robes of power,
 The Throne protect, when storms and tempests lower!
 With all this aid, could all the Royal stem
 Refulgent shine, robb'd of its brightest gem?
 View England, whilst in slav'ry's chains fast bound,
 What banish'd superstition from our ground?
 Law and Religion small support could yield,
 If dry that source by which they keep the field;
 E'en Lords and Commons, from their high degree
 Would sink to nothing, once deprived of thee!
 Thou art the rock—'fore whom the Virtues stand;
 The Press!—the guardian of our native land!

From Johnson's Typographia.

CAN statutes keep the British Press in awe,
 While that sells best that's most against the law?

POLITICS AND POETICS :

*Or, the desperate situation of a Journalist unhappily
smitten with the love of Rhyme.*

AGAIN I stop ; again the toil refuse !
 Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse ;
 Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
 Between my studious face and politics.
 Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate ?
 Look round, look round, and mark my desperate state.
 Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
 That might have quell'd the Lesbian* bard of old,
 And made the blood of Dante's self run cold ?
 Lo ! first, this table spread with fearful books
 In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks ;
 Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints ;
 Lives, snatch'd a moment from the public prints ;
 Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
 That rags are wealth, and reformation ruin ;
 Journals and briefs and bills and laws of libel ;
 And, bloated and blood red, the placeman's annual bible.
 Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
 My poor old Homer shows his living head ;
 Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
 And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight :
 Horace alone (the rogue !) his doom has miss'd,
 And lies at ease upon the Pension List.
 Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
 Imps ever grinning, sit my daily cares ;
 Distastes, delays, dislikings to begin,
 Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
 Here the blue demon keeps his constant stir,
 Who makes a man his own barometer ;
 There nightmare, horrid mass ! unfeatured heap !
 Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep :

* Alcæus.

And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
Frowns Headache, scalper of the studious poll;
Headache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.
Chief of this social game, behind me stands,
Pale, peevish, perriwigg'd, with itching hands,
A goblin, double-tail'd, and cloak'd in black,
Who, while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.
Around his head flits many a harpy shape
With jaws of parchment and long hairs of tape,
Threatening to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
With their own venom into foul despoite.
Let me but name the court, they swear and curse,
And din me with hard names; and what is worse.
'Tis now three times that I have miss'd my purse.
No wonder poor Torquato went distracted,
On whose gall'd senses just such pranks were acted;
When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
With dungeons and with doctors hemm'd him round*.
Last, but not least (methinks I see him now!)
With stare expectant and a ragged brow,
Comes the foul fiend, who—let it rain or shine,
Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
Is sure to come; the Devil who comes for copy!
If sights like these my gentle Muse can bear,
Thy visage may be seen, capricious fair,
In courts and taverns, and the Lord knows where!
Gifford may yet his courtly chains forego,
Or leave Reviews to those who dare say no;
Old Brinsley too, with whiskey dead alive,
Look up once more, and feel his flame revive;
And Canning, for a public joke, prefer
Some merrier fiction than his character.
Even Walter Scott may see thee now and then,
Spite of the worn out sword he wields for pen,

* See Black's Life of Torquato Tasso.

And all that ancient state in which he sits,
Of spears, plaids, bugles, helms, and border wits,
Enchanter Scott! who in black letter read,
Gains a rank life by raising of the dead,
Sure but to fix his destiny more fast,
And dying like themselves, be damn'd at last.

But see! even now thy wondrous charm prevails :
The shapes are moved : the stricken circle fails :
With backward grins of malice they retire,
Scared at thy seraph looks and smiles of fire.
That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
The bursting sunshine smites the window'd floor :
Bursts too, on every side, the sparkling sound
Of birds abroad ; th' elastic spirits bound ;
And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around.
Away, ye clouds:—dull politics give place:—
Off, cares and wants and threats and all the race
Of foes to freedom and to graceful leisure !
To-day is for the Muse and dancing pleasure !

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
Where through the quivering boughs the sunbeams shoot
Their arrowy diamonds upon flower and fruit,
While stealing airs come fuming o'er the stream,
And lull the fancy to a waking dream !
There should'st thou come, O first of my desires !
What time the noon had spent its fiercer fires,
And all the bower, with chequer'd shadows strown,
Glow'd with a mellow twilight of its own.
There shouldst thou come, and there sometimes with thee
Might deign repair the staid Philosophy,
To taste thy freshening brook, and trim thy groves,
And tell us what good taste true glory loves.
I see it now ! I pierce the fairy glade,
And feel th' enclosing influence of the shade.
A thousand forms, that sport on Summer eves,
Glance through the light and whisper in the leaves,
While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
And every air seems hushing the delight;

And the calm bliss, fix'd on itself a while,
 Dimples th' unconscious lips into a smile.
 Anon, strange music breathes:—the fairies show
 Their pranksome crowd, and in grave order go
 Beside the water, singing, small and clear,
 New harmonies unknown to mortal ear,
 Caught upon moonlight nights from some nigh-wander-
 I turn to thee, and listen with fixed eyes, [ing sphere
 And feel my spirits mount on winged ecstasies.

In vain:—For now with looks that doubly burn,
 Shamed of their late defeat my foes return.
 They know their foil is short; and shorter still
 The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
 Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
 Their ghastly rites, and sadden all the room.
 O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
 Cabals, misstatements, noise of private ends,
 Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling vapours,
 With dire necessity to read the papers,
 Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
 Costs, pityings, warnings, wits, and worse than all,
 (O for a dose of Thelwall or of poppy!)
 The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy!
 Full in the midst, like that Gorgonian spell
 Whose ravening features glared collected hell,
 The well-wigg'd pest his curling horror shakes,
 And a fourth snap of threatening vengeance takes!
 At that dread sight the Muse at last turns pale,
 Freedom and Fiction's self no more avail;
 And lo, my bower of bliss is turn'd into a jail!
 What then? What then? my better genius cries;—
 Scandals and jails!—All these you may despise.
 Th' enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
 Dares to give up its darling liberty,
 Lives wheresoe'er its countrymen applaud,
 And in their great enlargement walks abroad.
 But toils alone, and struggles, hour by hour,
 Against th' insatiate, gold-flush'd lust of power,
 Can keep the fainting virtue of thy land
 From the rank slaves that gather round his hand.

Be poor in purse, and law will soon undo thee ;
 Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee !

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
 Harsh politics ! And once more bid adieu
 To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
 Their sun-streak'd fruits and fairy-painted flowers.
 Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurell'd shades !
 Farewell, ye sparkling brooks and haunted glades !
 Where the trim shapes, that bathe in moonlight eves,
 Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
 While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight.
 Farewell, farewell, dear Muse ! and all thy pleasure !
 He conquers ease who would be crown'd with leisure.

Leigh Hunt.

ANTHEM.

*In honour of the Manchester Letter-press Printers'
 Celebration of the Coronation of their Majesties.*

TUNE.—“ God Save the King.”

GREAT GOD ! Thy aid impart,
 Prosper our useful Art,

We join to sing :
 May it extended be,
 To lands beyond the sea ;
 Banish idolatry ;
 Bless, Lord, our King !

On Britain's favour'd isle,
 Thou surely, Lord, did'st smile,
 And *Printing* brought !

May we give thanks to Thee :
 May the *Press e'er be free* ;
 And may each Briton see
 What thou hast wrought !

By dark superstitions wild,
 Men's minds were long beguil'd,
 Till *Printing* came;—
 It shed a heav'nly light,
 Ignorance put to flight,
 O'er those in error's night
 Threw a bright flame!

We pray, most righteous Lord,
 That Trade may be restor'd
 Throughout our land!
 May *Printing* flourish more
 Than e'er it did before!
 Grateful, we'll Thee adore,
 And bless thy hand.

Britons! rejoice and sing—
 Long live our patriot King,
 And happy reign!
 May discord flee away;
 And each devoutly pray
 That God may, night and day,
 Bless King and Queen!

Sept. 8, 1831.

THE LONDON BOOKSELLERS;

Or, "What's in a name?"

LONG hail to Longman and his longer Co.,
 Pride of our city's Paternoster Row!
 Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,
 And treat the world to something more gigantic.

Let Underwood all essays sell on *trees*,
 On *shrubs*, or growth of *brushwood*, if he please;
 All works on *brewing* leave to Mr. Porter;
 To Boosey, *temperance* for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend Bull all works on *horned cattle*,
While Reid will teach the youthful mind to *prattle* ;
Give Bohn *anatomy* ; give Mason *sculpture* ;
Gardiner's *engrafted* upon *horticulture*.

For valuation tables on the price of land,
Why should we seek ? since Byfield is at hand ;
For works on draining either bog or fen,
In Marsh and Moore we have a choice of men.

Give Sherwood tales of merry men, who stood,
Firm to their robbing, around *Robin Hood*.
Ogle take *optics*—Miller, works on *grain*—
Ridgway, on *rail-roads*—*surgery* with Payne.

Hail, Pic-a-dilly, Hatchard, thy vocation
Should be prolific, for 'tis *incubation* ;
Thy pious care brought Egley into note,
And still on Gosling some folks say you dote.

But to my plan. To make the dull ones plod-well,
Books for the use of *schools* give Mr. Rodwell ;
And works on *painting* should you ever lack,
You need but brush to either Grey or Black.

From Cowie works on *vaccination* fetch—
Pedestrian tours from Walker or from Stretch ;
And if in search of *wonders* you should range,
Where can you seek them better than from Strange ?

The suffering climbing-boys our pity claim—
To aid their interests, Suttaby I'd name ;
And as they're oft of *churchyard terrors* slaves,
Print works to cure them, O, Moon, Boys, and Graves !

For plans of bridges, Arch would be the best ;
For stairs and steps on Banister I'd rest ;
All that relates to church or chapel holy,
I vote that such be Elder's business solely.

Sustenance on *diet* surely ought to treat ;
 Joy gives us *human happiness* complete ;
 Tilt will all works on *tournament* enhance ;
 The law—Oh ! that of course I leave to Chance.

Priestley and Chappell may divide *theology*,
 Hookman and Roach the angling and *ichthyology* ;
 And for *phrenology*, what need of rumpus,
 One for his *nob* will do—so take it, Bumpus!

1833.

Comic Offering.

THE PRINTER'S HOUR OF PEACE.

Know ye the *Printer's* hour of peace ?
 Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,
 Than ever felt the maid of Greece
 When kiss'd by Venus' am'rous boy ?

'Tis not when round the mazy *case*,
 His nimble fingers kiss the *types* ;
 Nor is it when with lengthen'd face
 The sturdy *devil's tail* he gripes:

'Tis not when *news* of dreadful note
 His *columns* all with *minion* fill ;
 'Tis not when brother printers quote
 Th' effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,
 Tir'd and fatigued as any dog ;
 And heedless of his coming *dun*,
 Grows merry o'er a glass of grog.

'Tis not when in *Miss Fancy's* glass
 Long *advertisements* meets his eye,—
 And seem to whisper as they pass,
 " We'll grace your columns *by and bye*."

Nor is it when with numerous *names*
 His lengthen'd roll of vellum swells—
 As if 'twere touch'd by conj'r's wand,
 Or grew by fairy's magic spells.

No—reader, no—the Printer's hour,
 His hour of sweet *real* repose,
 Is not when by some magic power
 His list of patrons daily grows ;—

But, oh ! 'tis when the weather's clear,
 Or clad in hail, or rain, or vapor,
 He hears in accents soft and dear,—

☞ “ I've come to PAY you for the PAPER !”
From the Nottingham Mercury.

THE PRESS.

AGES remote by thee, VOLITION, taught,
 Chain'd down in characters the winged thought ;
 With silent language mark'd the letter'd ground,
 And gave to sight the evanescent sound.
 Now, happier lot ! enlighten'd realms possess
 The learned labours of the immortal *Press* ;*
 Nursed on whose lap the birth of science thrives,
 And rising Arts the wreck of Time survives.
 'Ye patriot heroes ! in the glorious cause
 Of Justice, Mercy, Liberty, and Laws,
 Who call to Virtue's shrine the British youth,
 And shake the senate with the voice of truth ;

* The discovery of the art of Printing has had so great influence on human affairs, that from thence may be dated a new era in the history of mankind. As by the diffusion of general knowledge, both of the arts of taste and of useful sciences, the public mind has become improved to so great a degree, that though new impositions have been perpetually produced, the art of detecting them has improved with greater rapidity. Hence, since the introduction of Printing, superstition has been much lessened by the reformation of religion, and necromancy, astrology, chiromancy, witchcraft, and vampyrism, have vanished from all classes of society ; though some are still so weak in the present enlightened times, as to believe in the prodigies of animal magnetism, and of metallic tractors. By this general diffusion of knowledge, if the liberty of the press be preserved, mankind will not be liable in this part of the world to sink into such abject slavery as exists at this day in China.

Rouse the dull ear, the hoodwink'd eye unbind,
 And give to energy the public mind ;
 While rival realms with blood unsated wage
 Wide wasting war with fell demoniac rage ;
 In every clime while army army meets,
 And oceans groan beneath contending fleets ;
 Oh save, oh save, in this eventful hour,
 The tree of knowledge from the axe of power !
 With fostering peace the suffering nations bless,
 And guard the freedom of the immortal *Press* ;
 So shall your deathless fame from age to age
 Survive recorded in the historic page ;
 And future bards with voice inspired prolong
 Your sacred names immortalized in song.

Derby, 1802.

Dr. Darwin.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

ADD next th' amusements which the motley page
 Affords to either sex and every age :
 Lo ! where it comes before the cheerful fire—
 Damp from the *Press* in smoky curls aspire
 (As from the earth the sun exhales the dew),
 Ere we can read the wonders that ensue :
 Then eager every eye surveys the part,
 That brings its favourite subject to the heart ;
 Grave politicians look for facts alone,
 And gravely add conjectures of their own :
 The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest
 For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,
 Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
 For songs and suits, a birth-day or a ball :
 The keen warm man o'erlooks each idle tale
 For " Money's Wanted," and " Estates on Sale ;"
 While some with equal minds to all attend,
 Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end.

Rev. George Crabbe.

ODE.

*Written for the Nottingham Celebration of the
Reform Bills.*

HAIL to the *Press* ! and this auspicious day !
For Freedom's cause is nobly fought and won :
Long in our Country's annals may it be
Recorded as the glorious day of Liberty !

The foremost to achieve this noble deed,
Stood forth the *Press* ! the source of truth and light ;
Oh ! may its rays, diffused, keep Britons free,
And warm our hearts to prize the *Press* and Liberty.

Hail to the Statesmen, and those Patriots firm,
Beneath whose sway the Charter's seal is fixed !
The envy of the World—all States agree—
To seize the flame from us—the love of Liberty !

At length triumphant, let the standard wave ;
The goblet flow in joy, in peace, and love ;
And when returns this day, the toast shall be,
Our Patriots firm, the *Press* and Liberty !

August, 1832.

C. H. Timperley.

PAPER.—A POEM.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose illusions' care
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind ;
When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot,

The thought was happy, pertinent and true,
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various: and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place:
He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands, in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*; such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought;
He foams with censure: with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are your poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?

Them and their works in the same class you'll find :
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet :
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring—
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone :
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,—
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Dr. Franklin.

SONG.

Written for the closing of an Anniversary Meeting.

SIT still, my brave boys, why thus early depart,
When the evening is passing so merrily ;
No guile should be found in a *typograph's* heart,
We're met to enjoy life, let's live cherrily :
Travel all o'er Britannia's fairy land,
We are *teaching* the rich, and *helping* the poor :
Like true sons of Freedom's patriotic band,
We welcome old friends with bright smiles at our door.

Nay, stir not so soon, on an eve such as this,
The joys of the world now thickly surround us ;
We're dwelling already in regions of bliss,
See ye not, the smiling faces around us !
Remember we're *types*, and in unity *bound*,
We ought to love and to comfort each other ;
" May the sons of the *press*, in England be found,
" Ever ready to assist a poor brother !"

June, 1833.

James Wilcockson.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.”

The following extract is from a poem entitled “The Modern Hudibras,” in which the author shews his unfavourable opinion of the Press:—

THE other party to that bargain,
 In which the Israelite was arguing,
 Was a lank youth with aspect pallid,
 One of a trio lean and squalid,
 With hands dyed half a shade less deep,
 Yet more in grain, than chimney sweep,
 Whom *men* call “gentlemen of the *Press*,”
 And they proclaim themselves no less,
 Though Printers and the *gods* we’re told,
 Still style them devils, as of old :
 These three were of the last edition,
 And scarce inferior to Parisian,*
 Those hot-press’d patriots who have earned
 Such glory, when their hands they turned
 From setting types to breaking bones,
 And lithographed with paving stones.
 From their *out*-sides, you’d scarce believe it,
 That these are *gentlemen* by brevet ;
 Nor from their *in*, that they’ve dominion,
 Without appeal on all opinion,
 Be’t speculative, or be’t critical,
 Or theologic, or political,
 All, all—a sort of fourth estate,
 That seems, like the lean kine of late,
 To swallow up and to digest
 Whate’er is left of all the rest.
 Whether domestic or exotic,
 No dynasty is so despotic.
 These Incas, or pronounce it Inkers,
 Are both free writers and free thinkers,

* Alluding to the revolution of 1830, when the printers of Paris were foremost in the ranks of the liberals.

Their very daily bread is libel,
 Their manual the *Reformer's Bible*.
 All the night long they have worked hard
 To bring to light a choice placard,
 Which dawn exhibits in large letters
 Upon dead walls and rotten shutters,
 Addressed to all the labouring classes
 (There prov'd worse used than dogs or asses),
 And very pointedly indeed
 To *such* as neither write nor read."

Banks.

SONG.

TUNE.—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Printing first at Heav'n's command,
 Dawned on man with cheering smile;
 Our art was brought by Caxton's hand,
 And soon gave freedom to this Isle.

CHORUS.

Rulé, the Press, the Press shall rule the world,
 Where freedom's banners are unfurl'd.

A night of darkness long had spread
 Its direful empire o'er the earth;
 The *Press* shone forth—the mist soon fled,
 And gave to truth and virtue birth.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

Before the *Press* shall error fall!
 And like the sun's meridian ray,
 The arts, and science at its call,
 Wide o'er the world shall bear their sway.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

A fount of knowledge is the *Press*,
 And all just men its claims uphold ;
 On bigots only would it stress,
 Their crimes and treasons to unfold.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

Should any despot be inclin'd
 To turn against his people's groan,
 The *Press* shall with them be combin'd
 To hurl the tyrant from his throne.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

C. H. Timperley.

THE APPRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME.

From "The Composing Room."

'Tis twelve o'clock—and now, with loud acclaim,
 Lo! the freed 'prentice issues from his frame.
 His seven years' servitude at length is o'er ;
 His *buried* wife can harass him no more.
 At him as slippers fly from ev'ry hand,
 He also flies—'twere dangerous to stand!—
 And, as he marks from whence those gifts are thrown,
 He runs around or bobs behind the *stone*.
 Nor slippers only—in the hot pursuit
 One *free* translator delegates a boot,
 T' express with *force*, in its peculiar way,
 Congratulation on this happy day.
 The youth, perplex'd—hemm'd in on ev'ry side—
 Seeks for a shield, and snatches—a *broadside* !
 Alas! the riot robs him of his sense :
 How can a sheet of paper yield defence ?—
 Now comes *the wash*—the *cross* attacks the *chase*,
 While mallets beat the boards in many a place,
 And quoin-draw'rs play confusion's double-bass.

E •

At length, exhausted with their *strains*, the band
 Forego their labours, and quiescent stand—
 When forth steps one, who bears above his brains
 A vessel to receive their hard-earn'd gains.
 The hint is ta'en—the new-loos'd 'prentice *stands*
A crown—and drops of brandy cheer all hands.
 He drinks their health—and then, with air polite,
 Invites them all to *bon souper* at night.

By a Composer.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.*

THAT mighty lever that has moved the world,
 The Press of England,—from her deadless source
 Of living action, here begins to shake
 The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe !
 She is a passion, pour'd into mankind,
 Dark, deep, and silent oft, but ever felt ;
 Mixed with the mind, and feeding with a food
 Of thought, the moral being of a soul ;
 Or, shaping solemn destinies for Time,
 And dread Eternity. Terrific power !
 Thou might'st have half annihilated Hell,
 And her great denizens, by glorious sway :
 But now, so false, so abject, and so foul
 Become,—no blasting Pestilence e'er shed
 Such ruin from her tainted wings, as thou
 May'st carry in thy circulating floods
 Of thought and feeling, into human hearts.
 One wrecks the body,—thou dost havoc souls,
 And who shall heal them ? Let thy temples rise
 Britannia !—they are but satiric piles
 Of sanctity, while poison in thy press
 Is pour'd, and on its lying magic live
 Thy thousand vulgar, who heart-famish'd seem,

* The author's severe animadversions can only apply to a *portion*.

When Slander feeds not with her foul excess
 Their appetite for infamy.—The sun
 Not surer, where his hot intenseness falls,
 The spirit of his burning nature proves,
 Than masses of pollution, roll'd from day
 To day, across an Empire's heart, awake
 A tinge of sentiment and hue of thought
 In many, till they act the crimes they read.

Robert Montgomery.

SONG.

THERE lives not in all Britain's Isle
 A maid whose beauties tell,
 With half such magic worth as thine—
 My own dear *nonpareil*.

The fairest *type* of womankind
 A mortal's eye could see ;
 And sure no printer ever *press'd*
 A fairer *proof* than thee.

Thy *form* is perfectly *arrang'd*,
 And bright is thy black eye ;
 Thy brow is pure and beautiful,
 As a *sheet* of *wove demy*.

Could I *compose* thy meed of praise,
 (But I'm a sorry rhymers,)
 I'd say, my love, thou'rt fairer than
 A *page* set in *long primer*.

Oh, yes ! *corrected* from all faults,
 Thou seemest to mine eyes,
 More pure and spotless than a *proof*
 After a *third revise* !

Nottingham.

W. H. Baker.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S WORK.

Suggested by "the Devil's Walk."

To Printing-house Square, at close of day,
The young Printer's Devil is bound
To set up the Paper that *circulates* most,
Or the Paper that most *turns round*.

And over the leader, and over the news
He skimm'd, and over the speeches:
And the lines in the leader stood wide apart,
Like W——l's waistcoat and breeches.

And pray what did the Devil do?
Oh! he was expert at the art;
And first, just to keep his hand in play.
In a "Horrible Murder" took part.

But the Devil he very soon finish'd the job,
And came to a regular stand;
When, for the want of some better employment
In a "Robbery" he had a hand.

He set up a joke by W——l;
But thinking it couldn't be meant,
The Devil smil'd; for he headed it
"A Serious Accident."

A speech of the Marquis of L.'s came next,
But it was beyond endurance;
So the Devil took pity, and headed it
"A Melancholy Occurrence."

But then the young Devil bethought himself,—
He might in an error fall;
For a speech such as that, he clearly saw,
Requir'd no *head* at all.

He then had a speech of H—t's to do,
Where, *mirabile dictu!* a word or
Two of his Latin Mr. H. recollected;
And he called that a "Horrible Murder."

A joke too, by C——r, came into his hands,
 But it was too witty a brevity
 To be C——r's own ; so he headed it
 “ Extraordinary Longevity.”

However, he thought at a heading like that
 Some persons might kick up a bobbery ;
 And, as the joke was a decided Joe Miller,
 He called it a “ Daring Robbery.”

He set up a leading article, on
 The advantage 'twould be to the nation—
 If Lord Grey would but make a new batch of peers,—
 Which he called “ Beauties of the Creation.”

A Speech on Reform too by W——l he did ;—
 So full of disjointed inelegance,
 And so far from the purpose, he headed it
 With the title of “ Foreign Intelligence.”

The debate on Pluralities next he compos'd ;
 But, finding the incomes so large
 And the duty so little, he headed it
 “ Extraordinary Charge.”

An extract from Satan Montgomery's poems
 Is the next thing the Devil commences ;
 But he sees that it's humbug, and, when it's com-
 He puts it among the “ Offences.” [posed,

A speech of St. P——l was his next job ;
 But it was too much for the elf,
 And he was unable to set up the speech ;
 For he couldn't set up himself.

So into a corner the Devil sneaks.
 O'ercome by so prosy a sample,—
 Composes himself,—and leaves the Times
 To follow his example.

From the Comic Magazine.

A PRAYER,

Proper to be inserted in all Books.

You who for reading feel a boundless rage,
 And penetrate beyond the title page :
 To you this rude petition I address,
 In hopes you'll kindly lessen my distress.
 But chiefly, ladies, your support I crave ;
 Oh ! deign your helpless supplicant to save.
 In me you view a wretch of strength devoid,
 Like you too oft neglected when enjoyed ;—
 Ah ! make me, then, the object of your care ;
 Tear not my leaves to ornament your hair :
 If married, save me from your children's gripe,
 Nor let my pages light your husband's pipe ;—
 For what avails the printer's toil and care—
 His anxious wish to make me clean and fair
 From *errors, picks, and monks*,—'tis not enough,—
 "*Revised, corrected, carefully worked off.*"
 My plates and binding spare ; for these defac'd,
 Spite of my innate worth, I'm oft disgrac'd.
 If I attend you when you sip your tea,
 Be careful not to spill it over me ;
 Fill not my bosom, when you eat, with crumbs,
 Turn me not o'er with damp or greasy thumbs ;
 Aside your face turn when you sneeze or cough,
 And spare my corners where you last leave off.
 Neither do you my pliant back displace,
 By laying me wide open on my face.
 Avert such ills ! or, I, exposed to all,
 May, unoffending, prematurely fall.
 So shall my pages legible remain,
 And at some future period chase your pain :
 Amusement with instruction strive to blend,
 And soothe your sorrows when you want a friend.
 So may your days be spent in social peace,
 Your cares diminish, and your joys increase ;
 Your charms shine forth unrivall'd to the view,
 And gain the homage to your merit due.

EPITAPHS.



TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM CAXTON,
WHO FIRST INTRODUCED INTO GREAT BRITAIN
THE ART OF PRINTING;
AND WHO, A.D. 1477, OR EARLIER,
EXERCISED THAT ART
IN THE ABBEY OF WESTMINSTER.
THIS TABLET,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF ONE
TO WHOM
THE LITERATURE OF THIS COUNTRY
IS SO LARGELY INDEBTED,
WAS RAISED

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXX.

BY THE ROXBURGHE CLUB.†
EARL SPENCER, K.G. PRESIDENT.

William Caxton, to whom England is indebted for the introduction of Printing, was born about the year 1412; he was

† The Roxburghe Club, resolved to do justice to the memory of Caxton, and they have erected a monument in Westminster Abbey, with the above inscription in black letter. The Tablet is composed of the finest dove-coloured marble, enclosing an oblong panel of white, delicately veined with blue. Above the panel rises a pediment having the device of Caxton engraved in the centre; and on either side of the inscription are two small pillasters.

apprenticed to a mercer, and afterwards travelled in the Low Countries in the capacity of an agent or factor for the Company of Stationers, and he preserved that respectable character in foreign countries which he had acquired in his own. In the year 1468, while residing at Cologne, he learned the art of Printing, which had been invented about 18 years. In the year 1471, he printed the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy," it was the first book printed in the English language, though printed by Caxton at Cologne. The "Game and Play of Chess," is supposed to be the earliest book printed in England by Caxton, about 1474, in Westminster Abbey. Caxton continued to pursue his business with reputation and success, from this period, until the year 1491, in which year he died, and was buried in the parish church of St Margaret, Westminster. Caxton appears to have been a very humble, modest, and virtuous man, in his printed books he expressed a great sense of religion, and endeavoured to promote virtue and good manners.

ON JOHN DAY,

In the parish church of Bradley-Parva, Suffolk.

HERE lyes the Daye, that darkness could not blind,
 When popish fogges had overcaste the sunne,
 This Daye the cruell nighte did leave behind,
 To view, and shew what blodi actes were donne.
 He set a Fox to wright how martyrs runne,
 By death to lyfe. *Fox ventured paynes and health,
 To give them light: Daye spent in print his wealth.
 But God with gayne returned his wealth agayne,
 And gave to him as he gave to the poore.
 Two wyves he had, pertakers of his payne,
 Each wyfe twelve babes, and each of them one more:
 Als (i. e. *Alice*) was the last encrease of his store,
 Who mourning long for being left alone,
 Set up this tombe, herself turn'd to a stone.†
 Obiit 23 July, 1584.

This very excellent and famous typographer was born in the parish of St. Peter, Dulwich, in the county of Suffolk, to which he left a gift. He was one of the original members

* According to Granger, Fox undertook the laborious work of *Acts and Monuments*, at the instance of Day.

† His widow (according to Herbert's MS. memoranda) appears to have been married to one Stone.

of the Stationer's Company ; and he was the first person admitted into the Livery, after the renewal of their Charter by Philip and Mary. Day is said to have been the first of our typographers who used the Saxon character, and he also brought the Greek, Italic, &c. to a high degree of perfection. He had many privileges from Archbishop Parker and other persons in power ; and a Patent dated the 2nd of June, 1568, for the printing of the *Psalmes of David in Metre*. The rebus of John Day was a man lying on the ground and another standing over him pointing to the sun ; with this motto, with respect to the night of ignorance and superstition newly dispersed, " Arise ! for it is Day ! "

ON DR. FRANKLIN.

The body of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believes) appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By the Author.

Benjamin Franklin, L.L.D. was born at Boston in 1706 ; at a proper age he was placed with an elder brother, a printer ; but in consequence of some disputes, he went, in 1723, to Philadelphia, and worked in the office of one Kiemer. In 1724 he came to London, and worked for about two years ; he then returned to Philadelphia, and commenced business, where, in a few years, by his industry and probity in his profession, and by his intellectual attainments, raised himself from obscurity to the highest honours in his native country. As a statesman he was preëminently useful in promoting the independence of America, he vindicated her rights in France and England ; he signed the treaty of her emancipation, and with a character unsullied he passed in splendour through the Courts of Kings. As a philosopher he ranks in the first class ; and the benefits he conferred on America, will make his memory cherished for ever.—He died at Philadelphia on the 17th of April, 1790, aged 84 years.

ON THE WORLD.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all the *errata* will appear at th' *end*.

This epitaph is in an old book, published at least a century and half before Franklin, and may be considered as having suggested the idea of his own epitaph.

ON THE WORLD.

THE world's a *printing-house*, our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are *characters* of several sizes;
Each soul's a *compositor*, of whose faults
The *Levites* are *correctors* and Heaven *revises*;
Earth is the common *press*. from which being driven,
We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and *bound* for heaven.

ON CHRISTOPHER BARKER,

*Printer to Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1607, and was
buried in Datchet church, near Windsor.*

HERE Barker lies, once printer to the crown,
Whose works of art acquir'd a vast renown.
Time saw his worth, and spread around his fame,
That future *printers* might *imprint* the same.
But when his strength could work the press no more,
And his last sheets were folded into store,—
Pure faith, with hope, (the greatest treasures given,)
Open'd their gates, and bade him pass to heaven.

Christopher and Robert Barker, Esqrs. were printers to Queen Elizabeth, lived in Paternoster Row, at the sign of the Tyger's Head, and kept a shop in St. Paul's Church Yard, at the sign of the Grasshopper. The Barkers had for their rebus the picture of a man barking timber, consequently he was denominated a Barker. The earliest English newspaper was entitled *The English Mercurie*, which by authority, was imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her Highness's printer, 1588. No. 50, is preserved in the British Museum.

ON A COMPOSITOR.

Here lieth
the outer form of
TYPOGRAPHY PAGE,

A PRINTER,

Of the first magnitude,
who for

Distributing the Pearl of Charity
was perhaps a *Nonpareil*.

He was faithful and honest to his *Companions*,
though nearly brought to the *Gallows* by them.

His humanity was great,
and his life truly *Justified* with good *Rules*.

Early in life he was called to the *Bar*,
and was happy when employed for the service of his country.

He was always bold to face the *French Canon*
with a *Broadside*;

but was sorry to have the *English* destroyed.

He was not bigoted to any religion,
but a strenuous advocate for *Justification*,
and an enemy to *Monks* and *Friars*.

He often *Imposed* on himself for the benefit of others.

He was no Critic;

though he *Corrected* the *errors* of other persons,
he did not forget a proper attention to his own.
His character through life was of a good *bright Colour*:

He seldom went too far in his *Pull*.

When *laid up* in the *Sink Room* of disease,
he complained his head was in *Pie*.

Death *locked up* his mortal *Form*
on the *Tenth Quire* of his last *Token*,

when he patiently *pulled off* his *White Paper*,
with hopes of a glorious *Reiteration*;

in full assurance of a *Second Edition* being better than
the first.

His *Light being out*, he was *papered up* in his *Coffin*;
and his remains solemnly interred
in the peaceful *Wool Hole*.

ON A COMPOSITOR.

No more shall *copy bad* perplex my brain,
 No more shall *type's small face* my eye-balls strain ;
 No more the *proof's foul page* create me troubles,
 By *errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles* :
 No more my *head shall ache* from author's whims,
 As *over-runnings, driving-outs, and ins* ;
 The *surly pressman's frown* I now may scoff :
Revised, corrected, finally wrought off.

ON A PRESSMAN.

No more shall *register* imperfect vex,
 No more shall *friars* pale provoke my ire ;
 No more shall *bites or picks* my brain perplex,
 No more shall I the *Devil's* aid require.

No more shall gloomy *monks* retard my way,
 No more shall *overlays* my patience try ;
 No more shall *batters* stop me half a day,
 No more shall I the *iron frisket* fly.

My body has been *overrun* with care,
 My soul shall undergo a strict *revise* ;
 And if my *Author* thinks my *proof* is *fair*,
 I quick shall *join* my Saviour in the skies.

ON PETER GEDGE.

In the parish church of St. Mary, Bury St. Edmonds.

NEAR this place are deposited the remains of Peter Gedge, printer, who established the first newspaper that has ever been published in this town. Like a worn out type, he is returned to the founder, in the hope of being recast in a better and more perfect mould.

ON OSCAR MEADER.

In a church at Berlin.

THE *binding* of that beautiful and promising *work*, Oscar Meader, student of theology, *was returned to its mother earth*, after he had returned, a few weeks before, from the baths of Salzbrunner, to his parents' roof. The work, *newly revised and improved by its great author*, will reappear in a *splendid day*. This is the only comfort of his mourning parents and an only brother.

ON ANDREW TORAQUEAU,

Who is said to have produced a book and a child every year, till there were twenty of each ; or, as some say, thirty. And with his being a water drinker, was the occasion of the following humorous epitaph :—

HERE lies a man, who drinking only water,
Wrote twenty books, with each had son or daughter.
Had he but used the juice of generous vats,
The world would scarce have held his books and brats.

ON A LETTER FOUNDER AT OXFORD.

UNDERNEATH this stone lies honest Syl,
Who died, though much against his will ;
Yet, in his fame he will survive,—
Learning shall keep his name alive ;
For he the parent was of letters,—
He founded, to confound his betters ;
Though what those letters should contain
Did never once disturb his brain.
Since, therefore, reader, he is gone,
Pray let him not be trod upon.

ON A STATIONER AND PRINTER.

READER! as gazing on this *lettered stone*
 Thou seest my fate—regard not less thine own;
 If on my virtues thou should'st sometimes think,
 Or on my vices (though as black as ink),
 May one call forth a note of *admiration*!
 The other to thy soul *interrogation*?
 Remind thee for one moment at the most
 Of that long sleep, to which thou soon must *post*.
 Yes! thy *reflections* may be grave as Sturm's,
 For men like *books* are eaten here by worms!
 Ay! to such reptiles I am served for meat,
 Who spread for table-cloth my winding sheet:
 Each day on me they sumptuously dine,
 Quaffing my blood (to them the richest wine)—
 Then should this sheet in future days be found
 By some old sexton, digging under ground,
 The relic to a stationer convey—
 “’Tis *antiquarian*,” he will quickly say,
 And prize it for a brother *type* long dead,
 Last of his alphabet the letter Z.
 The rest now thrown completely into *pie*,
 And friends and relatives in vain may sigh;
 The *Ready Reckoner* Death's thou soon must be,
 From old four-score to spelling A. B. C.
 My years just like these lines are six and twenty,
 Go passenger! ere this you've had quite plenty.

ON THE REV. THOMAS LEADER,

Rector of Great Easton.

WHILEST I live with my books, I die; thus life is
 my death. Now I have turned over the book of life;
 thus my death is my life.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Question.

“ OH tell me what is libel, dear editor, my brother ?”
“ 'Tis to reprint in one journal what's gone scot-free in another.”

Instructions to sue.

To call a rogue a rogue is a piece of defamation,
Since it hurts him in his own and his neighbour's estimation ;
So the rogue may bring his action, and get plaster for his sore, sir,
For a false cut a broad lump ; more for truth, for truth hurts more, sir.

The Attorney.

Of all men upon earth to be accurst
A pettifogging lawyer is the worst :
His path through life is stinging like a Hornet,
And his best deed ! the devil himself would scorn it.

Uncertainty-Certain.

Who say libel-law's uncertain ? Their wits are surely lost !
Let them try it, and they'll find it is certain, to their cost.

An Oath.

Like a Christian I'd swear on the Prayer-book,
Or even like a Jew on the Bible,
That of all the libels I wot of,
Law itself is the very worst libel.

The Jury.

Take judges' dicta, gentlemen of sense,
 And give an unwhipt rascal recompense :
 Punish for truth, to make it known to fame,
 Jurors and con-jurors are not the same.

The Beggar's Opera.

Henceforth let no man speak awry,
 Contemning Peachum just, or honest Lockit :
 Henceforth no writer think to face the law,
 For in that posture Law will pick his pocket.

Case.

In our old church last Tuesday it befell,
 The old sexton toll'd for a wedding peal a knell.
 Q. Pray was not this a lie-bel in the bell ?

The Perfection of the Law.

Of England's law of libel why complain ?
 Vestris to Vestal it restores again ;
 Nay, such its power to cleanse from every stain,
 Whitewashes Bochsa, and asserts Champagne !

ON THE LAW OF LIBEL.

" *Make known your wrongs !*"—Away ! poor tool :
 " *I swear all truth's a libel.*"
 " Ah me, the *errors* of my school !—
 But say, then, *what's the Bible ?*"

ON A READY WRITER.

JEM writes his verses with more speed
 Than the printer's boy can set 'em,
 Quite as fast as we can read,
 And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

UPON THE FIRST EDITION OF BOOKS.

BOOKS unto virgins I compare,
 Who at the first but slender are,
 But yet more uncorrupt by far
 Than when they grow much bulkier.
 The water's sovereign at the spring,
 The spreading rivers want the thing.

1740

John Ellis.

BOOKS.

BOOKS are a part of man's prerogative,
 In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travelled that of old.
 Our life, Fame pieceth at the end,
 And Books if farther backward do extend.

Sir T. Overbury.

ON THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

SOME say the Penny Mag. does good,
 Making instruction flow like blood
 Through England's vast domain ;
 It circulates both far and wide :
 'Tis true, nor can it be denied,
 It circulates in *vein* (*vain*).

Philemon Holland, M.D. died on the 9th of February, 1639, aged 85 years, wrote the following Epigram on his having written a large folio with a single pen.

WITH one sole pen I writ this book,
 Made of a grey goose quill ;
 A pen it was when it I took,
 And a pen I leave it still.

John Bunyan, Matthew Henry, and Dr. Warner are also celebrated for writing with a single pen.

TO A CRITIC,

*Who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it
unintelligible.*

MOST candid critic ! what if I,
By way of joke, pluck out your eye,
And holding up the fragment cry,
“ Ha, ha ! that men such fools should be !
Behold this shapeless mass !—and he
Who own'd it dreamt that he could see !”
The joke were mighty analytic—
But should you like it, candid critic ?

Coleridge.

BIRTH OF THE CRITIC.

WHEN Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There followed at his lying-in,
For afterbirth, a sooterkin,
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic-vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps,
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe ;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame,
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Swift.

ON THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

TELL me what genius did the art invent,
 The living image of the voice to paint ;
 Who first the secret how to colour sound,
 And to give shape to reason, wisely found ;
 With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,
 And how to draw the picture of a thought :
 Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
 A silent language roving far and near ;
 Whose softest noise outstrips lound thunder's sound,
 And spreads her accents through the world's vast round :
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
 Whose echoes reaches long—long time to come :
 Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
 Tell me what genius did this art contrive.

THE ANSWER.

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise,
 Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes ;
 He first in wondrous magic fetters bound
 The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound.
 The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
 Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.

LANGUAGES.

THE ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
 The learned Greeke, rich in fit epithetes,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words ;
 The Chaldea wise, the Arabian physicall,
 The Roman eloquent, the Tuscan grave,
 The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongu'd French.

1617.

Andrew Brewer.

THE BOOKMAKER.

BILL thinks his book has fancy shown—
 It has : Bill *fancies* it his *own*.

THE GREEK PRESS,

*Occasioned by the last regulations of the Greek Cabinet,
on the subject of the Press.*

ALL hail the Press! the Press is free!
Only, we'd have you take due care,
If ye love number one, to spare
The helots of the ministry;
And every judge and favorite,
And thing that rules the helm of power,
All hail the Press, and this blest hour,
When men do every thing—but WRITE!

FRENCH FREEDOM.

*Occasioned by long speeches of the French Deputies in
1815, about the Liberty of the Press.*

THE French enjoy freedom, they say;
And where is the man that can doubt it?
For they have, it is clear, every day,
The freedom of talking about it.

THE BOOK.

A poring wight who being wed,
Was always reading in his bed;
His wife addressed with gentle look,
And said, "would I were but a book!"
"Why so, good dame?" the sage replied.
"Because you'd love me then," she cried.
"Why, that might be," he straight rejoined,
"But it would depend upon the kind—
An almanack, for instance, dear—
To have a new one every year."

ON NEWS.

THE word explains itself without the muse ;
 And the four letters tell from whence comes NEWS ;
 From North, East, West, South, the solution's made ;
 Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

ON THE MORNING POST.

Comparisons are Odious.

WHY can the leader of the *Morning Post*
 A likeness unto Trajan's pillar boast ?
 Is it that classicallity doth in them
 Equal appear ? Oh no, 'tis thus my reader,
 That Trajan's pillar and the *Post's* dull leader
 Are columns both, and both with *nothing in them*.

AN AUTHOR.

AN author ! 'tis a venerable name !
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
 Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Dr. Young.

In an edition of the Pragmatic Sanction, printed at Paris, by Andrew Bocard, in 1507, the following handsome couplet in latin, is placed at the end of the book.

MAY this volume continue in motion,
 And its pages each day be unfurl'd—
 Till an ant has drank up the ocean,
 Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

PROSE PIECES.

A LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pickpockets and base newsmongers.—*Shakspeare.*

THE stamp upon a newspaper, *minus* the discount, is about 3½d., to which adding 1½d. for paper, makes the price of it before a single type is set (for the stamp duty is invariably paid per advance), just fourpence-halfpenny. It is sold to the newsmen for sixpence—this, in fact, being the price for which the publisher accounts to the proprietor. The profit, therefore, on a single paper, which pays so heavy a tax, and is conducted at so much risk—the unavoidable hazard of damages in civil action, fine, and imprisonment, is precisely *three halfpennies!* For this paltry profit is the whole world ransacked for news—a sentinel, in the shape of a foreign correspondent, stationed in every capital city of Europe and America—an agent in every seaport and market-town—a spy in every court and camp—an eaves-dropper in every public office—a reporter at the elbow of every member of parliament—a reporter at every public feast and funeral—at every meeting of the saints—at every gathering of the common council and the prize-ring—at every *fete champetre* and public execution—at every public whipping and charity-sermon—at the first appearance of every thief in the police court, who is watched till he waves his stolen handkerchief as he steps on board the hulks—at every market where women, or oats, or horses, or straw, or coals are sold—at every trial for treason or petty larceny—at the inquest held upon every strumpet who drowns herself, or patriot who cuts his throat—at every commission of lunacy, and at every royal coronation. For a poor penny-half-penny on each paper is all this done—all these persons em-

ployed ; and all that passes in the world is wafted on a broad sheet from pole to pole, in spite of plague, *cordon sanitaire*, or civil war. It must therefore be obvious, that upon the number of papers sold almost entirely depends their success. The number sold must be prodigious to yield a profit adequate to the expenditure necessarily incurred by so many agents, and the difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining foreign intelligence by the rapacity and unwarrantable interposition of the clerks in the foreign department of the post-office. But the numbers sold by any newspaper in London are not equal to the sale of some of the Paris journals. This is caused by the high price of the article in England. Sevenpence, the price which the consumer pays, is enormous, and naturally restricts the circulation. The trade is consequently in few hands ; for how few persons are there who can afford to purchase even a single paper per day, this amounting to 4s. 1d. per week, or £10. 12s. 4d. per annum.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

THE first genuine Newspaper, was called the *English Mercurie*, and was printed by authority during the Spanish armada. The earliest number in the British Museum is marked No. 50, dated 23rd of July. 1588. These publications were for a long time printed in the shape of small pamphlets. From 1588, to 1622, and during the reign of James the First, few newspapers appeared ; but in 1622, a weekly paper, called the *News of the present Week*, was printed by Nathaniel Butter, which was continued afterwards in 1626, under another title, by *Mercurius Britannicus* : and were succeeded by the *German Intelligencer*, in 1630, and the *Swedish Intelligencer*, in 1631. The first regular newspaper in the present form, was the *Public Intelligencer*, published by Sir Roger L'Estrange, August 31, 1661. The first daily paper, after the Revolution, was called the *Orange Intelligencer*. From an advertisement in a weekly paper called the

Athenian Gazette, Feb. 8, 1698, it appears that the coffee houses in London had then, (exclusive of votes in parliament) nine newspapers every week ; but there seems not to have been, in 1696, one daily newspaper. In 1709 eighteen newspapers were published ; of which, however, one was a daily paper, the *London Courant*. On the 12th of April, 1709, the *Tatler* was published ; and was succeeded by the *Spectator* on the 1st of March, 1711. In 1724 there was three newspapers daily ; six weekly ; and ten evening papers three times a week.

The *London Gazette* commenced Nov. 7, 1665, it was first called the *Oxford Gazette*, from its being printed in that city, during a session of parliament held there on account of the plague.

The first provincial newspaper was printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Robert Baker, in 1639.

REVIEWS.

WE are indebted to France for the introduction of *Literary Reviews* ; but it is somewhat surprising that no idea of the kind should have entered any one's mind till the middle of the 17th century. The earliest of which we have any mention are,

The History of the Works of the Learned, commenced in.....	1669
Censura Temporum in.....	1708
Memoirs of Literature, and the Bibliotheca Curiosa,	1708
The monthly Review, begun in	1749
Critical Review,	1756
British Critic,	1792
Antijacobin,	1798
Edinburgh Review,	1803
Eclectic Review,	1805
Quarterly,	1809
British,	1811
Westminster,	1823

STATEMENT OF NEWSPAPERS.

The following Table shows the advance of newspapers during half a century :—

Newspapers published in....	1782	1790	1821	1833
England.....	50	60	135	248
Scotland.....	8	27	31	46
Ireland	3	27	50	75
Total of the United Kingdom	61	114	216	369

Of the 369 newspapers now published in the United Kingdom, the following is the division :—

IN ENGLAND :—	Daily in London	13
	Two or three times a week	6
	Once a week	36
	Country Newspapers.....	180
BRITISH ISLANDS :—	Guernsey, Jersey, and Man	
	Twice a week.....	2
	Once a week	11
IN SCOTLAND :—	Twice or three times a week.....	15
	Weekly	31
IN IRELAND :—	Daily in Dublin.....	5
	Three times a week	7
	Weekly	6
	Country Newspapers.....	57
		369

In 1753 the number of copies of newspapers annually published in the whole of England was 7,411,757; in 1760 the circulation had increased to 9,404,790; and in 1830 it amounted to 30,493,941.

From an official return made to the House of Commons, it appears that the duty paid for advertisements by each provincial newspaper in England, from the 5th of January 1832, to the 4th of January 1833, amounted to £70965 13s. 0d.—On the 5th of July, 1833 the duty on advertisements was lowered from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.

WRITTEN NEWSPAPERS.

The desire of news from the capital, on the part of the wealthier country residents, and probably the false information and the impertinence of the news-writers, led to the common establishment of a very curious trade,

that of a news correspondent, who, for a subscription of three or four pounds per annum, wrote a letter of news every post-day to his subscriber in the country. This profession probably existed in the reign of James I.; for in Ben Jonson's play "The Staple of News," written in the first year of Charles I., we have a very curious and amusing description of an office of news manufacturers:—

"This is the outer room where my clerks sit,
And keep their sides, the Register i' the midst;
The Examiner, he sits private there, within;
And here, I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads."

The news thus communicated appears to have fallen into as much disrepute as the public news. In the advertisement announcing the first number of the "Evening Post," (September 6, 1709) it is said, "There must be three or four pounds per annum paid by those gentlemen who are out of town, for written news, which is so far, generally, from having any probability of matter of fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with a *We hear, &c.* or, a *eminent Jew merchant has received a letter, &c.*; being nothing more than downright fiction." The same advertisement, speaking of the published papers, says, "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers than in any of our own." The trade of a news correspondent seems to have suggested a sort of union of written news and published news; for towards the end of the seventeenth century, we have *news letters* printed in type to imitate writing. The most famous of these was that commenced by Ichabod Dawks, in 1696, the first number of which was thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the *written news*, contains double the quantity, is read with abundance more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand."—*Companion to the Newspapers.*

FOLLOW YOUR COPY.

"*The Image, or Mirrour of the World, &c.*" translated and printed by Caxton, in the year 1480, concludes with the following passage:—

"*And where is it so, that I have presumed and emprised this forsayd translacion into our Englysshe and maternal tonge, in whiche I am not wel parfyght, and yet lasse in Frenshe; yet I haue endeoured me therein, atte request and desyre, coste and dispenche of the honourable and worshipful man Hugh Bryce, cytezen and alderman of London, which hath sayd to me that he entended to present it unto the puissant, noble, and vertuous lord, my lord Hastynges, chamberlayn vnto our soverayn lord the kynge, and his lieutenaunt of the town of Calais and marches there. In whiche translacion I knowleche my self symple, rude, and ygnorant, wherfor I humbly beseeche my sayd lord chamberlayn to pardonne me of this rude and simple translacion. How be it, I leye for myne excuse, that I haue, to my power, followed my copie, and as nyghe as to me is possible I haue made it so playn, that every man reasonable may understonde it, yf he aduysedly and ententyfly rede or here it. And yf ther be faulte in mesuryng of the firmament. sonne, mone, or of therthe, or in any other meruaylles herein conteyned, I beseeche you not tarette the defaulte in me, but in hym that made my cople; whiche book I began first to translate the second day of Janyuer, in the yer of our Lord mcccclxxx, and fynysshed the viii day of Marche the same yere. And the xxi yere of the regne of the most christen kyng. kynge Edward the fourth, under the shadow of whos noble protection I haue emprysed and fynysshed this sayd lytil werke and boke, beseeching almyghty God to be his protector and defendour agayn alle his enemyes, and gyue hym grace to subdue them, and inespéciall them that haue late enterprysed agayn right and reson to make warre wythin his royaume, and also to preserue and mayntene hym in longe lyf and prosperous helthe, and after this short and transitorye lyf he brynge hym and vs into his celestyal blysse in heuene. Amen. Caxton me fieri fecit.*

* I have given this passage to show the orthography of our first printer, and the manner of dedicating and finishing a work in those days. It has been asserted that his performances were very *rude* and *barbarous*, and that he used a letter resembling the hand-writing then in use. His letter was a mixture of secretary and gothic: he used signatures but neither direction nor catch words, but rarely numbered his leaves, and never his pages. His books are printed on paper made of the paste of linen rags, very fine and good, and not unlike the thin vellum on which they used to write their books at that time. As he printed long before the present method was adopted of adding an Errata at the end of the book, to supply this deficiency, his extraordinary exactness induced him to revise every page, (after the book was printed,) and marking the corrections with red ink; he then employed a person to go through the whole impression, and correct the faults.

COPY RIGHT ACT.

By the copy-right act, a tax of *eleven* copies of every new work is levied on the publisher. One copy being claimed, of right, by the British Museum, Sion College, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in England—in Scotland, by the Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Perth; the University and the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—in Ireland, by Trinity College and the King's Inns, Dublin. This is an unjust, because an unequal tax, for eleven copies are to be given, whether a work is worth one guinea or ten; so that a publisher who prints 1,000 copies of a work, which sells for one guinea, has to pay only eleven guineas out of 1,000; whereas, another, who publishes only 100 copies of a work worth ten guineas, has to pay a tax of 110 guineas out of the same sum of 1,000 guineas.

GREAT FROST, 1814.

The severest and most remarkable frost in England of late years, commenced in December, 1813, and generally called "the Great Frost in 1814," was preceded by a dense fog, which came on with the evening of the 27th of December, 1813. It is described as a darkness that might be felt. A fair was held upon the river Thames, which extended from Blackfriars bridge to London bridge, several printing presses were erected, and numerous pieces commemorative of the "Great Frost" were printed on the ice. Amongst many pieces printed by these frosty typographers were the following:—

FROST FAIR, 1814.

Amidst the arts which on the THAMES appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year,
PRINTING claims prior place, which at one view
Erects a monument of THAT and YOU.

Another :

You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befel,
Come, buy this print, and it will then be seen
That such a year as this has seldom been.

Another :

Behold, the river Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore ;
Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
But Printing claims the superiority.

The Lord's prayer and several other pieces were issued from these icy printing offices, and bought with the greatest avidity. A short time previous to the general dissolution, a person near one of the printing presses, handed the following *jeu d'esprit* to its conductor ; requesting that it might be printed on the Thames.

" To Madam Tabitha Thaw.

" Dear dissolving Dame,

" Father Frost and Sister Snow have Boneyed my borders, formed an idol of ice upon my bosom, and all the Lads of London come to make merry : now as you love mischief, treat the multitude with a few CRACKS by a sudden visit, and obtain the prayers of the poor upon both banks. Given at my own press, the 5th Feb. 1814.

THOMAS THAMES."

The following twenty-two occupations are engaged to produce a single book :—The author, the designer, the rag merchant, the paper maker, the stationer, the type founder, the press maker, the ink maker, the roller maker, the chase maker, the reader, the compositor, the pressman, the gatherer, the folder, the stitcher, the leather seller, the binder, the coppersmith, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller.

When the Earl of Eldon, then Sir John Scott, brought in his Bill for restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause, that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page !

In a second-hand book shop in Duke Street, Barbican, a book entitled, "*The Confutation of Atheism,*" was exposed for sale, with this title outside, (the first *leaf* being absent without *leave*) a good book for Atheists—price 9d.

BOOKSELLERS' PUFF.

Burking extraordinary!

What will the Lords do? An awful discovery has been made. It seems that two noted men, calling themselves Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, have been taken up through making strenuous exertions this season to Burke the whole of the Peerage. They have got their arms down, and shortly will begin pressing them; but not before a great impression has been made will they be bound over to a-peer at the next session. They are well known resurrectionists, and have lately carried on their trade to a frightful extent, by raising the whole of the extinct peerage, which a witness is prepared to prove upon oath, for he saw them all lying about wrapped up in sheets.

ENGLISH BIBLES.

The following is a list of the principal English bibles, (and it must be observed that printing was in use fifty-seven years before any New Testament was printed.) 1526 and 1530, Tindal's Bible.*—1535, Coverdale's Bible.†—1537, Matthew's Bible.—1530, the Bishop's Bible, printed by Grafton.—1562, the Geneva Bible.—1568, the great English Bible; the same in 8vo. reprinted in 1572.—1552, the New Testament, printed by Jugge.—1584, the Rhenish Testament.—1610, the present translation, or King James' Bible.

*When Tindal printed his translation of the bible at Antwerp, Tonstall, bishop of London, happened to pass through that place on a journey, and to testify his abhorrence of Tindal's principles, and for printing a sealed book for the multitude, he thought of purchasing all the copies, and annihilating them in one common flame. He employed an English merchant residing there, and who happened to be a secret follower and friend of Tindal. He furnished the merchant with all his unsold copies, which the bishop as eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burned in Cheapside; which the people not only declared was "a burning of the word of God," but it so inflamed the desire of reading that volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price; and when one of the Tindalists, who was sent to London to sell them, was promised by the Lord Chancellor, in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the Lord Chancellor that the greatest encouragement they had was from Tonstall, the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression, and enabled them to produce a second!

† The first edition of the whole Bible in the English language.

A decree of the Star Chamber concerning printing, dated July 11, 1637, was published by authority, restricting the number of printers to twenty, besides his Majesty's printer, and the printers allowed for the Universities. The letter-founders were at the same time restricted to four.—During the year 1831, the firm of the Albion Press alone, made 110 letter-press printing presses; and during the last four years, upwards of 300.

The following licence was given to Poulthier D'Elmotu, by the Sieur le Noir, intendant of the police of the press under the old Bourbon government:—"I permit you to write against the Deity, but not against M. De Marripas; against religion, but not against government; against the apostles, but not against the ministers; against the saints, but not against the ladies of the court; against morals, but not against the police.

In Great Britain there are about 550 paper mills, making paper to the amount of £2,500,000 yearly.

The first book auction in England, of which there is any record, is of the date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer.

The following singular advertisement appeared in the "Connecticut Courant," of June 2, 1784:—

Take Notice Debtors,

For Newspapers to the Subscribers.

This is the last time of asking in this way; all those who settle their accounts by the 18th of June instant, will have the thanks of their humble servant; and those that neglect, will find their accounts in the hands of some person, who will collect them in a more fashionable way, but more expensive. James Johnson.

Paternoster Row, instead of being the most *literary*, is in fact the most *military* street in London; for it has numerous *magazines*, and many *reviews* every month.

Shenstone, the poet divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes. He says—

1. The illnated look at the list of bankrupts,
2. The poor to the price of bread.
3. The stockjobber to the lies of the day.
4. The old maid to marriages.
5. The prodigal son to the deaths.
6. The monopolizers to the hopes of a wet harvest.
7. The boarding-school and all other young misses, to all matters relative to Gretna Green.

Tichbourne, one of the regicides, wrote a book, which he called a "*A Cluster of Canaan's Grapes*." The Licensor, Caryl, in granting leave for it to be published, said, "He was much gratified with the *Cluster of Canaan's Grapes*, and therefore sent it to the press."

The Printer of the Warren Gazette (North America) published the following notice.—"Dry stove wood wanted immediately at this office in payment for papers.—N.B.—don't fetch those that the *devil* can't split.

One of the earliest newspapers printed in Yorkshire, was by a man named Moggridge, who used to insert the intelligence from London, under the head of *Foreign News!!*

In the year 1274, the price of a small bible, neatly written, was £30. It is said that the building of two arches of the old London bridge cost only £25, being £5 less than a copy of the bible.

An Irish paper gave the following characteristic erratum. "For *Mrs. Fitzgerald, Esq.*, read *Mr. Fitzgerald, Esq.*

William Pepwell, a printer, in his will, dated Sept. 11th, 1539, bequeathed to the parish of Bermondsey, in which he was born, a *printed mass book of five shillings value*, for prayers to be made for his soul.

The first Play printed in England, was entitled "God Hys promises : " a Tragedie or interlude, many-festyng the chyefe Promises of God unto Man in all ages, from the Begynnyng of the world to the death of Jesus Christe, a Mysterie, 1538.

Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, in 1670, made the following reply to certain questions relating to the Press in that colony.—" I thank God there is no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years. God keep us from both."

On the 12th of August, 1712, a stamp duty of one half-penny on all single sheets of new-papers began ; and on same day 1789 it was enlarged to two-pence ; and it has since risen to its present price of four-pence.

A large folio Times, which is 24 feet square, contains about 600,000 detached types, this is about 150,000 letters more than Babbage's closely printed volume on Machinery, consequently 13,500 papers of 'The Times' are equal in printed matter to 18,000 volumes of Mr. Babbage's edition, or 1,445 volumes of Rees' Encyclopædia. Thus with a power not exceeding a one-horse power, and within premises that afford hardly 3,000 superficial feet of accommodation, 18,000 volumes may be edited daily, consequently 108,000 volumes per week, and 5,616,000 per year, out of one printing concern. When the form* is completed it is committed to the agency of the printing machine. There is a most surprising mechanical performance, viz. that of printing 13,500 sides of the paper at the rate of 4,000 per hour, or 66 per minute, whether the paper is double or single. Contrasting this with the agency of amanuenses, which was the only way the Romans had for the conveyance of information, it would require, even if dictated to, upwards of 80,000 persons to write and to produce 4,000 copies of twelve columns of 'The Times' per hour.

* The mass of congregated type is technically so called.

ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

Of all the discoveries which have been made, we conceive the reflecting mind will acknowledge that none have tended more to the improvement and comfort of society than that of Printing; in truth it would almost be impossible to enumerate the advantages derived by all professions from the streams of this invaluable fountain, this main-spring of all our transactions in life.

The art of Printing (says Dr. Knox) in whatever light it is viewed, has deserved respect and attention. From the ingenuity of the contrivance it has ever excited mechanical curiosity; from its intimate connection with learning, it has justly claimed historical notice; and from its extensive influence on morality, politics, and religion, it is become a subject of very important speculation.

Printing from its commencement, has always had some opponents, actuated from selfish interest, who, in many cases, possessed such influence over their fellow-men as to corrupt their judgments and decisions, whenever the question of its advantage or disadvantage to mankind came to be agitated. The monks in particular, were its inveterate opposers, the great majority of them acting upon the spirit of an avowal made by the Vicar of Croydon, in a sermon preached by him at St. Paul's cross, when he declared, "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."* Happily, this superior art withstood their hostility, and it became the main engine by which their artifices, invented to keep the people in superstition and ignorance, were detected and punished.

It has long been a controversy to whom the honour is due as being the first discoverer of the art of Printing; and the towns of Haerlem, in Holland, Strasburgh and Mentz in Germany, contend for the distinction, as be-

* Many of the ignorant and illiterate monks declaimed from their pulpits, "There was a new language discovered called Greek, of which people should be aware, that in this language was come forth a book called the New Testament, which was full of thorns and briars. They went so far as to attribute the invention of printing to the devil, and warned their hearers, from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims, who devoted themselves to hell.

ing the first place where Printing took its rise. The dispute, however, has turned rather on words than facts; and seems to have arisen from the different definitions of the word 'printing.' If we estimate the discovery from the invention of the principle, the honour is unquestionably due to Laurence Coster, a native of Haerlem, who first found out the method of impressing characters on paper by means of carved blocks of wood. If moveable types be considered as a criterion, the merit of the discovery is due to John Guttenberg of Mentz; and Peter Schoeffer, in conjunction with John Faust, was the first who founded types of metal. The invention was at first rude and simple, consisting of whole pages carved on blocks of wood, and only impressed on one side of the leaf; the next step was the formation of moveable types in wood, and they were afterwards cut in metal, and finally rendered more durable, regular, and elegant, by being cast or founded. After the ground-work of the art had been completed, its rise towards perfection was more rapid, perhaps, than that of any other art or science whatsoever; for little more than thirty years elapsed from the time of printing from wooden blocks, to the time when Guttenberg and Schoeffer had perfected their cast metallic types, as will be seen by the following chronological statement of the progress of the art:—

Printing from blocks was invented about the year	1422
Letters cut separately on wood.....	1438
Letters cut separately on metal.....	1450
Letters cast in moulds	1456

When Coster first devised his rough specimen of the art, can only be guessed at. Patius Scriverius supposes it to be about 1430. He died in 1440.

John Guttenberg, or Geinsfleisch, the reputed inventor of printing, was born at Mentz, of noble and wealthy parents, about 1400. In 1424, he took up his residence at Strasburgh, as a merchant, and while there he made many ineffectual attempts to gain a perfect knowledge of the art of printing: not succeeding, he quitted Strasburgh in 1444, and returned to Mentz, where he opened his mind fully to Faust, and prevailed on him to advance large sums, in order to make more

complete trials of the art. Between 1450 and 1455 the celebrated bible of 637 leaves, the first important specimen of printing, was executed between Guttemberg and Faust: there is a copy of it on vellum in the Royal Library at Berlin; five copies are also known upon paper. In 1465 he was honoured by Archbishop Adolphus by admitting him among the nobility of his court, and he was granted a pension, together with several privileges and exemptions. Guttemberg died in February, 1468, and was interred in the church of Recollets, at Mentz. His elder brother, Geinsfleisch, who has almost an equal claim to the honour of the invention of the art of typography, died in 1462.

John Fust, or Faust, goldsmith, of Mentz, was one of the three artists considered as the inventors of printing; it is not certain that he did more than supply the money for carrying on the concern. It is uncertain when Faust died; he was at Paris in 1466, and it is strongly conjectured, that he fell a victim to the plague, which then raged in that capital.

Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim, the first servant of Guttemberg and Faust, possessing an ardent and inventive genius, was desirous of improving the art, and to him we are indebted for perfecting letter-founding as it now remains. Guttemberg never used any other than either wooden, or cut metal types, until the year 1462, then Schoeffer's happy genius contrived punches for striking the matrices, and for the last improvement Faust rewarded Schoeffer by giving him his only daughter in marriage. Schoeffer died in 1502, or 1503, leaving three sons printers; the eldest of whom, John, succeeded his father and exercised the art until 1533.

The first publication of Faust and Schoeffer was a beautiful edition of the psalms, finished August 14, 1457. This is the first book known to be extant which has the name of the place where it was printed, with the name of the printers, as well as the date of the year when it was executed.

It is stated, that the Mentz Printers, in order that the art might not be divulged, administered an oath of secrecy to all whom they employed; this appears to have been strictly adhered to until the year 1462, at which period the city was sacked and plundered by Archbishop Adolphus, and thus the Printers of Mentz dispersed themselves, and carried the mystery with them to many parts of Europe.

The following is a List of the principal Places where the art was received on the dispersion of the Mentz Printers, in 1462; the statement is from the earliest known works:—

Subiaco, near Naples, 1465: here the first Greek types

were in use.—Augsburg, in 1466.—Rome, in 1466.—Tours, France, in 1467.—Venice, in 1469: alphabetical tables of the first words of each chapter were introduced, as a guide to the binder. Catch-words (now generally abolished) were first used at Venice, by Vindeline de Spire.—Paris, in 1469: first works very imperfect.—Cologne, in 1470: here Caxton received the first rudiments of the art in 1470.—Milan, in 1470, by Anthony Zorat, the inventor of signatures.—Bologna, in 1471.—Ratisbon, in 1471.—Naples, in 1471: Capitals and distances between the lines were first used at Naples, about this time.—Florence, in 1471, the first printers were named Bernard Cennini, a goldsmith, and Dominic his son. They modestly put at the end of their first book, "*Nothing is too hard for a Florentine genius.*"—Nuremburgh, in 1472, by Anthony Koburger: he was styled the Prince of printers, he kept daily twenty-four presses at work, and one hundred journeymen. He had a stated hour for them to begin work and leave off; he admitted none individually, but obliged them to wait at his door until they were all together. He kept sixteen open shops in different places. Strasburgh, in 1473.—Louvain, Netherlands, in 1473.—Utrecht, Holland, in 1473.—Basil, Switzerland, in 1475. In 1491, John Froben printed at Basil, and so desirous was he of having his works correct, that he exposed his proofs to public view, and offered a reward to every person who should discover an error.—Modena, in 1475.—Placentia, Spain, in 1474.—Lyons, in 1477.—Geneva, in 1478.—Brussels, in 1478.—Ghent, in 1483.—Stockholm, Sweden, in 1483.—Haerlam, in 1483.—Soncino, Italy, in 1484, where the first Hebrew books were printed.—Leipsic, in 1484.—Antwerp, in 1485.—Tholouse, in 1488.—Lisbon, Portugal, 1491.—Ham-
burgh, in 1491.—Copenhagen, Denmark, 1493.—Madrid, in 1494.—Cracow, Poland, 1500.—Russia, in 1560.

Lima, South America, in 1569.—Cambridge, North America, in 1639; and, up to 1795 most of the principal towns in the United States appear to have received this blessing.—West Indies, 1751.—Port-au-Prince, in 1750.

A concise account of the progress of printing, in this country, to the year 1565 :—

Westminster, in 1474, by William Caxton.—London, in 1480, by John Lettou and William Machlinia. Wynken de Worde, who had been servant to Caxton, at the “sign of the Golden Sun, in the parish of St. Bride in the Fletestrete, London.” Richard Pynson obtained a patent from king Henry VII. to be his printer, in 1496.—Oxford, in 1480.—St. Albans, in 1480.—York, in 1509 but the printer soon after removed to Beverley.—Southwark, in 1514.—Cambridge, in 1521.—Tavistock, in 1525 Ipswich, in 1538.—Worcester, in 1543.—Canterbury, in 1550.—Greenwich, in 1554.—Norwich, in 1565.

Edinburgh, in 1507.—Dublin, in 1551

When Printing was invented, the books issued from the Press, were generally either large or small folio, or at least quarto, the lesser sizes were not then in use. The leaves were without running titles, direction words, number of pages, or division into paragraphs. The character itself was a rude old gothic, mixed with secretary, designed on purpose to imitate the hand writing of those times. The words were so closely and connectedly printed, that they were difficult to read, even to those who were accustomed to manuscript, and this method often led the inattentive reader into mistakes. The orthography was various, and often arbitrary ; method being wholly disregarded. Abbreviations were very frequent, and in time became so numerous and difficult to be understood, that a treatise was written on the *art of reading a printed book*.

The following literal rendering of Matt. v. 1, 3, according to the Codex Bezae, or Cambridge MSS. of the Four Gospels and Acts, will convey some idea of the manner in which manuscripts were anciently written and printed :

ANDSKEINGTHEMULTITUDE* HEWENTUPINTOAMOUNTAIN
ANDWHENHEWASSETDOWN*CAMETOHIM
HISDISCIPLES*ANDOPENINGHISMOUTH
HETAUGHTTHEMSAYING
BLESSEDARETHA*POORINSPT*FORTHETHEIRIS
THEKINGDOMOFHEAVEN.

For the invention of *Italic* letter we are indebted to Aldus Manutius, by birth a Roman, who established a printing office in Venice, 1496. He is likewise affirmed to be the first who printed whole volumes in Greek.

* Spirit.

ADDENDA.

HOT LETTER EVILS.

From "The Composing Room."

AND now behold a sight, which *here* appears
As seldom as a file of grenadiers—
A Chelsea pensioner (a Typo bred)
Sports in COMPOSING ROOM his *blue* and *red*—
Three corner'd hat, with modest black cockade,
And narrow gold lace on its edges laid.
Poor F——! I knew him well in years gone by ;
None brisker at a *finish* or a *fly* ;
Frolic and fun with him were hand and glove :
Care flew before them, fearful of a shove.
Alas! where *now's* the vigour *then* discern'd ?
Our former *type* is to a *shadow* turn'd ;
Though to short sights he may seem vig'rous, able,
And not a little fierce and formidable.
So, from red embers, in a common grate,
Fancy may striking images create :
But near inspection will not be decoy'd :
Their gas is gone, their stamina 's destroy'd !
He *toddles* to the office, not to work—
He can *compose* no more than the Grand Turk.
But converse wakes the old man's torpid mind ;
Brings forward scenes which long had hung behind ;
Gives energetic action to his brain,
And makes him, for a moment, *live again*.
The old campaigner tells of duties done,
Privations suffer'd, and engagements won ;
How hen-roosts suffer'd, and the quick decrease
Of sheep and grunterns—turkies, ducks, and geese,
When foragers, detach'd from *his* brigade,
Purveying visits to the farm-yards paid.
Return'd—when war to peace again gave place—
How he resum'd *composing-stick* and *case* ;

Work'd for *this* master-printer, or for *that* ;
 But never felt encumber'd with his *fat*.
 Till on one winter's day our martial friend—
 (And let all tyros to this fact attend)
 Whether in field or in the office, bold—
 In spite of aching fingers, wet, and cold,
 Distributes of Old Pica a full case,
 And longs the letter to *compose* and *space*.
 With cautious steps, and bending with its weight,
 He bears th' o'erflowing *case* towards the grate,
 And—ignorant misfortune was so nigh—
 Leaves it before a rousing fire to dry.

Now to his *stick* the *turn-screw* he applies,
 And makes the *measure* to the proper size ;
 The four-to-Pica *leads* from draw'r brings forth,
 And tries to guess how much the job is worth ;
 Looks o'er his *copy*, under *jigger* lays it,
 Where't seems, like tombstone, t' exclaim—" *Hic jacet.*"
 Forthwith to rub his hands, his sides to beat,
 He labours to produce increase of heat ;
 Then first he thought " To *set* my letter *hot*
 " Is a most famous counteracting plot
 " Against th' united pow'r of Cold and Frost ;
 " Nor shall *this* opportunity be lost."
 O thou unfort'nate, *soft*,* misguided *youth* !
 Would that *this thought* had leapt into thy mouth—
 Then, in loud accents, vigorously sprung
 Amongst thy fellow-workmen, from thy tongue !
 Appris'd of *such* intention, scarce a lad
 But would have shouted—" Do it not ! 'tis bad !"
 But Fate forbade F—— to disclose his aim ;
 And no one notic'd him—when forth he came
 To bear the " *hot-bak'd*" letter to his *frame*.
 Impetuous, reckless, injudicious man !
 Would thou hadst known the danger of thy plan !
 Then wouldst thou ne'er have mourn'd *this* rash exploit—
This want of knowledge—*this* contempt of thought.

* Sometimes used instead of "*foolish*."

Now heat intense—*approaching* to a flame—
 Thus rapidly *approaching* to his *frame*,
 Wet *quads* on *bulk* begin to smoke and hiss,
 In *petit* imitation (not amiss)
 Of carman's whistle and a serpent's hiss ;
 Two wooden gallies faintly murmur " fire !"
 And, as he enters, cautiously retire ;
 A candle, hanging on a nail for night,
 Dissolves away in agony and fright ;
 Unlit—in winter, and the broad day-light !
 The conscious *copy*, shrinking from the heat,
 Prepar'd to make precipitate retreat,
 And would have *cut*—like an absconding " nigger,"
 But for detainer lodg'd by gaoler *Jigger*.

Still—all these omens wholly unobserv'd—
 Our hero never from his purpose swerv'd.
His eggs were hot when he to *set* began ;
 But hens pursue a quite contrary plan—
 A proof that hens *set* better than a man.
 This fact, alas ! hereafter will appear
 Glaring as throttle cut from ear to ear ;
 And calculated, like that sight, to stir
 Up due compassion for the sufferer.

In energetic force, his heart and soul
 Claps on to work—resolv'd to *raise the poll* ;
 With *matter* copy vaccinates his eye,
 And o'er the *case* his rapid fingers fly :
 Instant into his *stick* the letters come,
 Touch'd by his two fore-fingers and his thumb.
 The *rule* receives them with a *brazen* grin,
 And wonders how so fast they tumble in !
 Withdrawn, and plac'd on four-to-Pica *lead*,
 Thus *Setting-rule* to his companion said :—
 " Wisdom, we know, hath been set forth by owls ;
 " But when had *swiftness* aught to do with F—— ?"
 Just then he felt a twitch—and off he flew,
 To hold with *Second Lead* an interview—

"I never had, dear *Lead*, such strange misgiving,
 "Since in this way of life I've got my living."
 Again F——'s thumb and finger draws him out,
 And puts both speech and speaker to the rout;
 For *Setting-rule's* immediately transferr'd
 To the next line—on top of *Lead the Third*.
 I hate, as garment made of shreds and patches,
 A speech deliver'd thus by fits and snatches:
 Let fools report the follies of a fool—
 I shall no longer follow *Setting-rule*.

Now I'm engag'd in simile pursuit—
 I take, for instance, a dead goose's foot:
 If thus I pull the leaders, each one knows
 I cause undoubted movement in the toes:
 But stick this foot in roof of giblet pie,
 By heat of oven shrivell'd up and dry,
 The *play* of *Sinew* and of *Leader's* o'er;
 Their "occupation's gone,"—they *act* no more.
 'Twas pretty much the same with F——. that goose,
 By heat our friend entirely lost the use
 Of *Manus*, clerk-o'-th'-works to all he plaun'd;
 His foreman *picker* and his right-hand *hand*!

What then remains—but that we *drop* a smile
 (Or bid that *outside fare* get down awhile,
 As, up the hill, we *draw* a single tear)
 For F——'s affliction now recorded here?
 Yet wherefore has the author box'd his brains,
 And plagued himself and readers with his *strains*?
 Not (like a mere stone-mason) to *cut in*
 An epitaph concerning death and sin,
 On some man's grave-stone—rais'd his friends to please,
 And tell his name, his age, and his disease;
 While he *who* to peruse it feels inclin'd
 Must make a journey that same stone to find.
 No! Gentlemen of the COMPOSING ROOM!—
 Our art can hand down to the day of doom,
 And put into a thousand hands at once—
 To please the knowing, and inform the dunce—

This simple tale, how poor F—— lost his hand,
 Merely because he did not understand
 Why *heated types* (from which our sinews shrink)
 Are never touch'd by Typos who can think.
 Unborn compositors—not yet bespoke—
 F——'s typographic paralytic stroke
 Shall read of, and explain—"This is no joke."
 Type dried by fire they'll not be *hot* upon it,
 But wait until one might *compose* a sonnet
 (I mean not in the spirit, but with *letters*),
 And then attack *their* game like true-bred *Setters*!

By a Compositor.



BEHOLD the progress of our noble Art,
 See the Compositor perform his part;
 He sends forth new light to a distant age,
 And in clear print *sets* the historic page!
 Recording deeds of honour and disgrace,
 Which neither Age nor Time can e'er efface.

From Johnson's Typographia.

TIME AND THE PRESS.

PRIDE's monumental grandeur loads the earth
 With mould'ring mounds ; the castle's lofty walls
 And tow'ring turrets strew at length the plain :
 The splendid palace blacken'd o'er with age,
 Dismantled stands, scarce shelter for the herds,
 When howling storms spread ravage o'er the land :
 Thus Time rolls on—the pyramid's vain heads
 Shot up amid the clouds, he coldly mocks—
 Sweeping their records dull, oblivion's lap
 Receives ; till they like sullen blots remain
 Defacing wide creation's lovely form
 With their unwieldly bulk of baffled pride.
 The voice of fame wakes echoes o'er the world ;
 Soon sleep those echoes—he it sung forgot.
 Oblivion follows Time's unresting march,
 Its outstretch'd mantle floats along the breeze,
 And where Time's foot doth press, its bloodless hand
 Passeth o'er memory's brow—and all the past
 In universal blindness sinks to rest.
 Yet though Time's nod wrecks cities, nations, worlds,
 And cold oblivion o'er the ruin broods,—
 Despite his strength, the bold and peerless **PRESS**
 Grows stronger, bolder, as the years roll on.
 Of intellectual fire, the kindling spark,—
 Or soul's bright beacon, lit from age to age.—
 The tongue of glory, fadeless scroll of fame,
 The **PRESS** immortal—tears from vice the mask,
 Showing her hideous visage, black as night,
 Or crimes nursed in its rank envenom'd heart ;
 And palsyng envy's wither'd, canker'd arm,
 Protects pure virtue's heavenly-moulded race,—
 Awarding greatness to the truly great,
 Immortal laurels to immortal minds.
 Without the **PRESS**, the minstrel-strain would cease,
 As harp-tones sleep, and never wake again—
 As odour shed, for ever's lost to earth—
 As wither'd youth, no sun restores to bloom—

As virtue's snow once stain'd, is fair no more.
 But chief, the PRESS, sheds o'er the wide-spread earth
 Religion's holy flame ; to cleanse the soul
 Ere it to heaven ascend, till plumed with light,
 It spurns with wing sublime the grosser world,
 And mounting to Eternity's bright realm,
 Gains bliss immortal at the throne of GOD !

Nottingham.

J. W. Thirlwall.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

From " The Composing Room."

Ah, me ! how numberless the ills and cares
 Which wait on all that live—and all their heirs !
 And must continue while this world exists :
 " Wo ! wo !" exclaim our best philanthropists—
 Words of deep meaning are *arresting* force,
 The same as carter holloas to his horse ;
 Who, judging well the whip of judgment's near,
 Acts as he ought—and stops in his career.
 Typos ! to *mend* it never is too late—
 Instead of *writing horse*—Go, *imitate* !
 But you exclaim—" The d—l take your *Wo* !
 " We do not wish to *stop*—we want to *go* ;
 " Or, rather, what is happiness to know."
 Hear, and attend, each typographic cove,
 While I the " Art of being Happy" *prove*.
 Small Pica twelvemo—reprint—with thin leads ;
 Companions, *eight*^{vo} hands and *four*^{to} heads—
Fippence per thousand—and, oh, gracious powers !
Fat imposition ev'ry four hours—
Copy not line for line, nor page for page—
Matter at *random*—partners in a rage—
 No *shammocks* for the indolent or nappy—
This, this, my lad's " *The Art of being Happy* !"

By a Compositor.

SONG—THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!—*Byron.*

My task is done—my gentle barque
Expands the quiv'ring sail,
And launch'd on Time's swift rolling stream,
Bends to the waving gale.

Be still, be still, ye stormy winds,
No rapid course I crave,—
O let me glide in calmness down,
Unworn by wind or wave.

Immortal laurels o'er my brow
I labour not to gain,
But seek approving smiles, and strive
To smooth the brow of pain.

Sons of the PRESS, my praise or blame
'Tis chiefly yours to tell—
Convinced your verdict will be just,
In hope I rest—Farewell!



Technical Terms made use of in the Work.

- Bank.**—A stage about four feet high, placed near the press.
- Batter.**—When any part of a form is injured or broken, it said to be battered. Printers neglecting their work, and being intoxicated, are on the batter.
- Bearer.**—A piece of riglet to bear the impression off a blank page.
- Bite**—Is when the entire impression of the page is prevented by the frisket, not being sufficiently cut out.
- Body.**—The shank of the letter.
- Bienvenue.**—The fee paid on admittance into a chapel.
- Brace.**—Is a character cast in metal, marked thus ~ of several breadths.
- Break.**—A piece of a line.
- Broadside.**—A form of one full page, printed on one side of a whole sheet of paper.
- Clean Proof.**—When a proof has but a few faults in it, it is called a clean proof; and when a proof is to be sent to an author, the pressmen are ordered to pull a clean proof.
- Close matter.**—Matter with few breaks or whites.
- Companion.**—Journeymen working on the same job.
- Correct.**—When the corrector reads the proof, or the compositor mends the faults marked in the proof, they are both said to correct; the corrector the proof, the compositor the form.
- Corrections**—The letters marked in the proof are called corrections.
- Devil.**—The errand boy of a printing-office.
- Direction.**—The word that stands alone on the right hand, in the bottom line of a page.
- Double**—Among compositors, a repetition of words; also, among pressmen a sheet that is twice pulled.
- Drive out.**—When a compositor sets wide.
- Fat work.**—Is when there are many white-lines or break-lines in a work.
- Fly.**—The person that takes off the sheet from the press in cases of expedition.
- Follow.**—That is, see if it follows; is a term used as well by the corrector as by the compositor and pressman.
- Form.**—The pages when fitted into a chase.
- Foul proof.**—When a proof has many faults marked in it.
- Fount.**—The whole number of letters that are cast of the same body and face.
- Friar.**—When the balls do not take, the un-taking part of the balls that touches the form will be left white; or if the pressmen skip over any part of the form, and touch it not with the balls, though they do take, yet in both these cases the white places are called friars.
- Fudge.**—To contrive without necessary materials, or do work in a bungling manner.
- Get-in**—Matter is got in in a line, page, sheet, or book, if letter be thinner cast than the printed copy the compositor sets from; or matter is got in if the compositor sets closer.
- Good colour.**—Sheets printed neither too black nor too white.
- Good of the chapel.**—Forfeitures and other chapel dues collected for the good of the chapel, to be spent as the chapel approves.
- Good work.**—Is so called in a two-fold sense: the master-printer calls it good work when the compositors and pressmen have done their duty; and the workmen call it good work if it be light, easy work, and they have a good price for it.

Heap.—So many reams or quires as are given to the pressman to wet.

Horse.—If any journeyman set down in his bill on Saturday night more work than he has done, that surplus is called horse; also, the stage on which the pressmen set the heaps of paper on their banks.

Insertion.—If the compositor has left out words or lines, the corrector inserts it, and makes this mark Δ where it is left out.

Keep in.—Is a caution either given to, or resolved on, by the compositor, when there may be doubt of driving out his matter beyond his counting off, wherefore he sets close to keep in.

Keep out.—The practice opposite to the preceding.

Light.—To obtain credit for any thing.

Long pull.—Is when the bar of the press requires to be brought close to the cheek to make a good impression.

Low case.—When the compositor has composed almost all the letters out of his case.

Mackle.—When part of the impression on a page appears double, owing to the platin's dragging on the frisket.

Matter.—The series of the discourse of the compositor's copy; also the letter, when composed, is called matter.

Measure.—The width of a page.

Mike, or Shammock.—When a person neglects his duty for his own recreation, or through sheer idleness.

Monk.—When the pressman has not distributed his balls, and the ink lies in blotches, it is called a monk.

Off.—Pressmen are said to be off when they have worked off the designed number from a form.

Out.—A compositor is said to be out when he has composed all his copy.

Pie.—When a page is broken, and the letters confused.

Qui (Quæstis).—A discharge from employment.

Register.—When the pages of a book perfectly back each other.

Reiteration.—The second form, or the form printed on the back side of the white paper.

Rise.—A form is said to rise, when in rearing it off the correcting-stone no letter or furniture, &c. drop out.

Set off.—Sheets that are newly worked off at the press often set off, and more particularly so when beaten with soft ink.

Smout.—When either compositors or pressmen are employed for a short time, and not engaged for a constancy.

Sorts.—The letters that lie in every box of the case are separately called sorts in printers' and founders' language.

Squabble.—A page or form is squabbled when the letter of one or more lines are got into any of the adjacent lines; or that the letter or letters are twisted about out of their square position.

Underband.—A phrase used by pressmen for the light and easy, or heavy and hard running in of the carriage. Thus they say, the press goes light and easy under hand, or it goes heavy or hard under hand.

Upper hand.—When the spindle goes soft and easy, the pressmen say, it goes well upper hand or above hand. But the contrary if it goes hard and heavy.

White paper.—Although the first form be printed off, yet pressmen call that heap white paper, till the reiteration be printed.

T. Kirk, Printer, Peter Gate, Nottingham.

PRESERVATION SERVICE

SHELFMARK *992.F.23..*

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN
MICROFILMED (*1991*)
NSTE

MICROFILM NO *SEE ~~XXXX~~*
EP7

